

The Battle of the Jungle.—This Issue Contains a Large Number of Remarkable Photographs of the Recent Bloody Engagements Around Manila.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXVIII.—No. 2274.
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NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1899.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



AWFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE FILIPINOS.

HOW THEIR DEAD BODIES FILLED THE TRENCHES AFTER THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FEARFUL SCENE
TAKEN BY "LESLIE'S WEEKLY'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

APRIL 13, 1899.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Terms: - - \$4.00 per year.

2.00 for six months.

Foreign Countries in Postal Union, - \$5.00.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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The Campaign of the Jungle.

THE war with Spain was fought by our land forces mostly on the soil of Cuba, and, naturally, the regulars and volunteers from the Eastern, Western, and Southern States, especially those nearest the Atlantic, were first called into action and did most of the fighting. Geographical conditions also naturally sent the Pacific coast and far Western regulars and volunteers to the Philippines, and in the present struggle with the Filipino insurgents our forces mostly represent the soldiers of California, Oregon, Minnesota, Kansas, and Tennessee, so far as the volunteers are concerned, though one of the Pennsylvania regiments has been doing splendid service.

The war near Manila has well been called "The Campaign of the Jungle," for it has been fought among the wilds of a tropical wilderness, whose luxuriant vegetation offers excellent cover for the hordes of insurgents, and makes such a thing as clear field fighting almost impossible. Considering these circumstances, it is remarkable that Aguinaldo's forces have been so quickly and furiously driven from the vicinity of Manila into the wilderness beyond. The American soldier has never shown his fighting qualities better than during the campaign against the Filipino insurgents, a campaign fought under the enervating heat of a burning sun, with a well-armed and savagely-revengeful enemy, who skulks in the thickets and resorts to every method of warfare excepting that which is fair and open.

While our brave boys are fighting, not for the love of conquest, but for humanity's sake, it is noticeable that the outcry against the American policy in the Philippines has been almost silenced. Whatever differences may exist regarding the policy of the administration, but one voice is heard regarding our heroic soldiers in the Philippines. They have behind them the encouragement of every American, inspired by the hope of a decisive victory which will put an end to the Filipino insurrection as decisively as the victory at Santiago silenced the guns of Spain.

Another Set-back!

EVEN the political opponents of Governor Roosevelt concede that he has courage and honesty, and it requires a combination of both these qualities to make an acceptable Governor of the great State of New York. In spite of opposition on both sides of the Legislature the Governor has stood out nobly for the passage of a clean-cut civil-service bill, and recently he has indicated a purpose to insist, as far as he properly could, on the passage of the Ford bill to tax the franchises of great public corporations. The passage of these two bills would not only have glorified the administration of Governor Roosevelt, but it would have accomplished great good for the public welfare.

A thorough, conscientious reform of the civil service will promote the efficiency, honesty, and economy of every branch of our local and State governments, while the taxation of the franchises of the street-railways, telegraph, telephone, gas, and other corporate properties would add enormously, and on just lines, to the revenues of the State, and relieve in great measure the onerous burden of taxation now crowding the shoulders of the toiling masses. It is a public misfortune, therefore, that so late in the session Governor Roosevelt has suddenly changed his mind regarding tax legislation, and has done what so many of his predecessors have done before him, viz., advised that the matter be referred to a special commission. His message to the Legislature on this subject is sound enough, but his conclusion is lame and impotent.

For the past thirty years the question of tax reform has been of paramount importance, but it has been juggled with at Albany by commissions of all names and natures, with little resulting good. The Ford bill was a move in the right direction. Its passage would have put the reform on its feet, and, if thought desirable, a Legislative commission might then have been appointed to report what further steps should be taken. But to defer consideration of the entire matter for a whole year, which probably means that it will be smothered during the rest of the Governor's administration, is not an evidence of courage or good sense, eliminating entirely the question of political and moral honesty, which is not involved, as far as the Governor is concerned. From every standpoint of the case he has made a mistake, and we fear that he has made it too late to rectify it.

The advocates of the franchise-tax law of Senator Ford insist that the value of exclusive public franchises to municipal and other corporations should be estimated when the taxes are levied. If, for instance, the cost of building a street car and equipping a street-car line is a million dollars, while the value of its franchise, as represented by the selling price of its stock, is a million more, this franchise value should be subjected to taxation as well as the tangible property which its capital represents. This question has been taken up by many of the Western States, and the highest courts have passed upon the validity of taxes levied on the franchises of corporations.

It is a reflection on our Legislature that while it has been passing hundreds of bills for the relief of private persons and to aid corporations and individuals, it has persistently neglected the appeals of tax-payers for a reform of our tax laws. Governor Roosevelt devoted considerable attention to this matter in his inaugural message, and was outspoken at first in his advocacy of Senator Ford's franchise-tax bill. The time is ripe for the appearance of the people's leader, and if Governor Roosevelt will gallantly champion the cause of the tax-payer the people of this State, and perhaps of the United States, will look to him as their chosen champion. Such an opportunity rarely comes, and such an opportunity rarely meets a man more capable of accepting it.

Another War Cloud.

THE Pacific Ocean is the storm centre of the world just now. The civilized nations are focusing their eyes upon the fighting forces of the United States in the Philippine and the Samoan islands. The fight for humanity's sake goes on in the Philippines; and in Samoa, for the first time, the much-talked-of Anglo-American alliance has, by a train of providential circumstances, become a concrete fact.

It is too early to definitely locate the entire blame for the recent outbreak of hostilities in Samoa. Admiral Keutz, it is understood, was instructed by our government to act in harmony with the representatives of England and Germany, the two other Powers concerned in the tripartite protectorate of Samoa. The meagre dispatches indicate that he followed out his instructions, and that a conference of the consular representatives of the United States, England, and Germany resolved to dissolve the provisional government, headed by the presidential pretender, Mataafa, whose pretensions had only been maintained by reason of their support by the German consul, Mr. Rose. It seems probable that this consul opposed the dissolution of the provisional government, for he subsequently issued his own proclamation to the natives, advising them to disregard the ultimatum of his associates. Germany has maintained, from the outset, that nothing could be done by a majority vote, but that unanimous agreement of all three Powers was necessary on every disputed point.

The dispatches fail, at this writing, to show whether this was the cause of the latest difficulty. But if it was, the issue is plainly made, Germany insists on unanimous consent of the three Powers, while England and the United States hold that a majority must rule. The unfortunate complication, the serious nature of which is apparent, never would have occurred but for the refusal of the German consul at the outset to recognize the supremacy of the law, as embodied in the Supreme Court of Samoa, which has been presided over by an American gentleman chosen by the three Powers. His decision, which was adverse to Mataafa's claims to the Presidency, was that of the highest court of the land and, obviously, could not have been challenged with propriety by the German consul. The original difficulty, therefore, can be laid at the feet of this imprudent, we might almost say impudent, German official, and his prompt recall should have been asked for by both the British and American governments.

What the outcome of the difficulty in Samoa may be will depend largely upon the temper of the German Emperor and of his people. If they seek a pretext for trouble they can find it, but such a course would be most injudicious and unfortunate, and is therefore most unlikely.

"Leslie's Weekly" Wanted.

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June 2d, 1898, No. 2229.

Nations Change Their Minds.

SOME of the Senators at Washington, Mr. Hoar included, have been very much troubled because President McKinley, in his first message to Congress, opposed the forcible annexation of Cuba or any other foreign country, while now he favors the control of the Philippines, in spite of the opposition of their inhabitants.

These Senators forget that nations, like individuals, have a perfect right to change their minds; that when the American

Congress met, in 1775, it publicly disavowed any purpose on the part of the new colonies to separate from England. This was after the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought and after Ticonderoga had been captured from the British. In less than a year the American Congress, regardless of its previous disavowal, declared for separation from the mother country. In 1803 President Jefferson at first declared that there was no Constitutional authority to make the Louisiana purchase from France, but it was not long before he changed his mind, "shut" the Constitution, and caused the purchase to be made, and the Supreme Court found abundant authority for the transaction in the implied powers of the Constitution.

At the outbreak of our Civil War, in 1861, Congress, with the approval of President Lincoln, declared that the war was not waged to overthrow slavery, but only to preserve the Union; but within a short time President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was issued as a war measure. So with the Spanish war. Its purpose was in the interests of humanity, but man proposes and God disposes. Providence gave us Porto Rico and the Philippines. Who shall dispute with inexorable Destiny?

The Plain Truth.

THE proposition of the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York to build an underground railway in New York City, for which it is to have a perpetual franchise, is decidedly cheeky just at this time, when a popular uprising against the giving away of valuable franchises to private corporations is manifesting itself most emphatically. The few concessions in reference to the running of express trains, and the payment of a small percentage of the receipts into the city treasury, amount to nothing compared with the value of the perpetual rights which the Metropolitan syndicate seeks. Furthermore, it asks for a perpetual five-cent fare, with the privilege of doubling this on express trains, as if the people of this community did not know that in other cities the rates of fare for local travel are being reduced almost to a three-cent basis. Any Legislature that will grant such a franchise as the Metropolitan syndicate asks, or any Governor who would consent to favor such a franchise, would both be apt to hear from the people in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Does Mr. Bryan abandon the hope of a renomination by the Democracy next year? He acts like it when he deliberately sets the Democracy of the State of New York by the ears. New York in many a Presidential election has held the balance of power. Bryan can hardly win without it. If he knows anything he knows this, and yet his course in flinging a challenge at the Tammany Hall leaders of the gold Democracy stripe, who invited him to their Jeffersonian banquet, makes it impossible for Tammany to support Bryan in next year's national convention, and almost impossible for them to support him at the polls in the event of his nomination. A great political leader must forget his enemies as well as remember his friends. President McKinley learned this lesson early, and some of his most bitter opponents at the national convention are now his warmest friends and beneficiaries. Cleveland failed to learn this, and it cost him many friends, if not a re-election. Calm, cold calculation is one of the necessary qualities of a statesman in this temperate zone, and Mr. Bryan should not forget that very important fact.

The opening of the Port Arthur ship canal, about six miles long, connecting the new city of Port Arthur, Texas, with deep water in the Gulf of Mexico, has great significance to the commercial interests of the country. This opens, by way of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railroad, a direct and almost air-line route from Kansas City and all the tributary country to the Gulf of Mexico, with all that that implies of future possibilities to the agricultural interests of the great West. It is proposed to make Port Arthur a great exporting centre, and the shortness of the distance from Kansas City to this gulf port will, it is believed, result in the diversion of a vast amount of export business from well-established routes. This applies especially to trade for Mexican and South American ports. But the new gulf port expects also, in a sense, to be a rival of the Great Lake and North Atlantic shipping ports, because the railroad haul will be very short, and this constitutes the chief item in the cost of transportation. It is not surprising that the opening of the Port Arthur canal was made the occasion of a great celebration in which the Governors of Texas, Kansas, and Arkansas, and many other State officials participated.

An interesting and profitable investigation has recently been made regarding the probable rate of interest in this country during the next twenty years, by Mr. James W. Alexander, the enterprising vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He asked the most prominent financiers in the country what they considered to be a safe rate of interest for an insurance company to count upon realizing on its total assets, invested in good securities, during the next twenty years. The replies indicated that the average rate of interest which financiers are figuring on during the next twenty years will not be more than three per cent. per annum. Investors will find in this an explanation of the great demand for gilt-edged bonds and stocks which pay more than three per cent. upon the investment. It also, no doubt, explains the vast increase in insurance of the investment order, the largest amount of which is carried by the Equitable and by the two other great companies of New York City, the Mutual and the New York Life. Fluctuations in the rate of interest will, no doubt, occur. Everything depends upon the demand for money, and this is regulated in a degree by the supply; for money, after all, is a commodity, and its price is regulated by the rules which govern the prices of all commodities. Cheap money means not only an increase in the price of good securities, but also an increase in the price of real estate and an increased valuation of all profitable industrial enterprises. It will be fortunate if it does not mean in this country, what it has generally meant in other lands, a decrease in wages, as well as a decrease in the profits of manufacturing establishments, predicated on the temptation which cheap money affords for capital to overcrowd every profitable avenue for investment.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—FEW of our readers need to be told who the accompanying illustration represents, for it is an excellent counterfeit presentment of one whose personality is better known to the masses—and, perhaps, to courts and camps—than that of any other man of the era.



BUFFALO BILL, THE FAMOUS SCOUT.

In the picturesque phraseology of the red men, among whom he is admirably called "White Eagle" the snows of many winters have somewhat thinned and whitened the scalplock of the famous and popular original. Many a brave would gladly have given his life for the glorious triumph of wearing Buffalo Bill's scalp at his belt for a single hour, but the first of scouts and the greatest of historic exhibitors is still as vigorous in mind and body, as much a paragon among his congress of rough riders of the world, as steady of hand and keen of eye, as when he so masterfully and safely guided armies through hostile wilds, beset by treacherous foes.

—Mr. E. C. Hedmond, who made his debut on Easter Monday with the Castle Square Opera Company in New York City as Fenton in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is a native of Portland, Maine.



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN TENOR.

While a youth he went to England, where his vocal abilities attracted the attention of Princess Louise, who provided the means for his instruction. This circumstance, and the fact that he has been so long identified with the London musical world, has given rise to the supposition that Mr. Hedmond was of English nativity. His engagement is in no sense a departure from the management's fixed policy to present opera in English only, with American singers. Mr. Hedmond made his debut at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, but returned to Leipsic for a further period of study, which covered seven years of unremitting work, during which period he prepared the tenor rôles of 120 operas. In 1886 he took part in a performance of "Die Meistersinger" at Bayreuth, and was the first to sing *Tannhäuser* and *Siegfried* in English. During a season at Covent Garden one of the tenors was taken ill and Mr. Hedmond filled his rôle of *Tannhäuser* at short notice, and was at once engaged for the season. He has sung *Tannhäuser* over 100 times, and has appeared in all the principal tenor rôles in the extensive repertoire of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He became a great favorite in London, and in 1895, with the late Sir Augustus Harris, undertook a season of opera in English. He produced Franco Leoni's "Rip Van Winkle," scoring a great personal success in the leading rôle. Mr. Hedmond has been previously seen in this country in the support of Emma Juch. His best-known rôles are *Don José*, *Faust*, *Romeo*, *Raoul*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Siegfried*.

—A man very much in the public eye at present is Horatio W. Parker, M.A., professor of music at Yale University, and organist at Trinity, the late Phillips Brooks's church at Boston.



A FAMOUS COMPOSER.

Professor Parker was called to Yale about four years ago. He has made his home in New Haven ever since, going once a week to Boston for his work there each Sunday. The latter position alone pays him \$10,000 a year. Already famous because of his musical compositions, he has recently acquired a wide notoriety on account of the feeling stirred up against him among the clergy of the Episcopal Church and the musicians of the old school by an address on the hymnal, delivered in Boston a few weeks ago. He pointed out that many of the tunes and their words were undignified and without much meaning. As an oratorio-writer Professor

Parker has no equal in America. His "Hora Novissima," which is to be sung in Worcester, England, at the next musical festival, will distinguish him as the first American composer who has ever had an oratorio produced out of his own country. Professor Parker is not much more than thirty-five. His mother, Mrs. Isabella Graham Parker, of Massachusetts, distinguished herself as a very young woman by her good musical compositions. "The Holy Chime" recently won for Professor Parker the prize offered by the Musical Art Society of New York for the best a capello chorus. This was a not unworthy honor, thirty of the most prominent musicians in America having competed for it.

—The success achieved by the Broadway Theatre Opera Company, of New York, in giving careful and evenly-balanced performances of comic opera was due to the liberal policy of Manager Andrew A. McCormick, in selecting adequate material, regardless of the importance of the rôle to be played. Thus the character of *Marcella*, a gypsy girl, in "The Three Dragoons," was made unusually attractive and prominent as portrayed by Miss Leonora Guito, who with dramatic skill and a peculiarly attractive personality, made of the part much more than was looked for by its writer, Harry B. Smith.



"THE GYPSY GIRL."

It seems a pity that De Koven did not write in a musical number for Miss Guito, for she has a rich, full contralto voice, that is only heard in the quartette in the last act. But the gypsy-girl is only a speaking part, made necessary for the consistent working of the plot. Miss Guito was with the Bostonians, where for two years she alternated parts with Jessie Bartlett Davis, during which engagement she gave every evidence of her talents as a lyric artist of unusual ability. She has impressive beauty, a fine presence, and a most agreeable personality.

—Once in a while an urgent need smites the Samoan to use some money. But he seldom needs it bad enough to accept employment. Needing money, he determines that the old women and the children of his family shall get it from the white people. The first thought of the old crone or the young child sent out to get money is eggs. With the grass everywhere thick with rats, eggs are always an uncertain quantity; but it is a poor sort of a place where it is not possible to scare up four eggs. Some one comes into your place and whines "fa'akau," which is the simple word "buy." What is for sale is not in sight. If it is eggs they are carried in a dirty piece of cloth. Four is the number—four eggs for sixpence. If the answer is "No," the vender waits until much time has passed, but the price never varies. The only things the



A SAMOAN PEDDLER OF SMALL WARES.

peddlers bring clean are fish presented still flapping on the broad blade of a paddle, and crayfish in clean little baskets fresh-made when needed. A canoe-load of fresh-caught fish is like a disjointed rainbow for colors. They are of the oddest shapes. Corn is brought by these peddlers, ears with never more than every other row filled out, and left to ripen hard. Beans—string-beans—a yard long. Tomatoes the size of little balls. The prices are all of the same magnificence as for the eggs.

—To Mrs. Ida V. North, of 13 North Chester Street, Baltimore, belongs the proud distinction of being the only woman in the United States to receive a contract from the government for making tents used in the war with Spain.



BALTIMORE'S SUCCESSFUL ARMY CONTRACTOR.

Mrs. North, a tall, fine-looking woman of pleasing address, at first met with a decided refusal from the authorities at Fort McHenry to have her sample tent even given the customary trial, upon the ground that the United States government never awarded contracts to women. Finally, this refusal having been won over to the consent for a trial, and her tent having been reported the best submitted to the government, she was awarded a contract for 400 shelter-tents to be delivered in seven days. Successfully filling her contract two days ahead of time, Mrs. North was subsequently awarded other contracts for shelter-tents to the number of 2,600, and an additional 500 common tents. To fill these contracts it was necessary to secure from the mayor of

Baltimore a special permit to work on Sundays the force of seventy-five first-class machine-operators, thirty women button-sewers, and a small army of boys and girls to whip and knot the line-ends. Singularly enough, the old-time mansion, 840 East Pratt Street, in which the tents were made, was the one in which was shed the first blood of the Baltimore riots in the late Civil War. Each soldier in the war with Spain carried slung over his shoulder with his blanket one-half of a shelter-tent, which, when desired, being buttoned to the companion-piece of a comrade formed a shelter for the two.

—A newspaper man who has had a career of remarkable success, and who has graduated from the place of a reporter to the proud position of a leading capitalist and the owner of a well-established magazine, is Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, who has just purchased the *North American Review* for \$225,000. Colonel Harvey was born in Vermont, and is but thirty-five years old. He had an academic education, and at the age of fifteen began to write for the daily newspapers. At eighteen he was a reporter on the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*. Subsequently he was on the local staff of the *Chicago News*, and



A CAPITALIST AND EDITOR.

at twenty-one was a reporter on the *New York World*. He was its managing editor at twenty-five and its editor-in-chief at twenty-six. He resigned on account of poor health and engaged in the development of electrical railways at a time when this field of enterprise was exceedingly profitable. He is president of several electric railways in the vicinity of New York, owns the Newark (New Jersey) *Advertiser*, and has now taken personal charge of the *North American Review*, one of the oldest and best magazines in the country. Colonel Harvey's intimate friendship with William C. Whitney and other financiers has given him opportunity for the successful promotion of many enterprises, and he is to-day among the wealthiest editors in the United States. His success has been well deserved. It is the result of industry, enterprise, and conscientious effort.

—The people of the South, particularly those of Georgia, will be glad to learn that Mrs. Alice W. Price, of Macon, Georgia, who was a guest at the Windsor Hotel, at New York, which was burned on St. Patrick's Day, with dreadful loss of life and property, escaped with slight injuries, the published reports to the contrary notwithstanding. She pluckily descended from the fifth floor of the hotel by means of a rope while the place was enveloped in flames, and while her escape seemed to be almost impossible. Her coolness and courage won general admiration. Mrs. Price comes of one of the oldest and most influential families of Georgia, and is a sister-in-law of the present Governor Candler, of Georgia. She is one of the most beautiful women in Georgia, if not in the entire South.



SAVED FROM THE WINDSOR FIRE.

—The new Senator-elect, Porter J. McCumber, from North Dakota, went to the Territory of Dakota in 1881 with no money, and opened a law-office in a cabin that did not cost more than ten dollars. He made a wide reputation as a successful lawyer, worked indefatigably, won his cases, and was soon on the highway to success. Next to the Presidency, the crowning office which every politician of note covets more than anything else is a seat in the Senate of the United States. Mr. McCumber has been an active politician in his State since he went to Dakota. He was a member of the Territorial Assembly in 1885, and of the council



FROM CABIN TO CONGRESS.

in 1887, and thereafter declined to seek any State office until he became a candidate for the United States Senate, although he has served as State's attorney of Richland County. While the Senator-elect has been identified with every Territorial and State convention in North Dakota since he has resided at Wahpeton, he has not been a self-seeker. He has labored to assist friends whom he thought worthy of official positions. When these friends from all over the State learned that Mr. McCumber was a candidate for the Senate it gave them an opportunity, which they gladly accepted, to repay their obligations. Mr. McCumber is a senior member of the law firm of McCumber & Bogart, at Wahpeton, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. He will add not a little to the strength of the Northwest in the Senate.



COLONEL J. H. WHOLLY, COMMANDING THE FIRST WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS, AT MANILA.

The Campaign in Manila.

HOW IT WAS PLANNED AND HOW OUR VALIANT SOLDIERS ARE FIGHTING IT OUT TO A FINISH.

AMERICAN occupation of the Philippines has developed along serious lines. It is quite evident that "the white man's burden" in the South Pacific is not to be a peaceful carry. The thrice-sold Aguinaldo is putting up a pretty stiff fight, aided by the climate and the natural difficulties of the country. Of course there can be but one end; nevertheless, it costs us money, but, more precious still, men.

The present campaign, which really dates back to the 4th of February, was begun by Aguinaldo's forces when it became evident that the ratification of the peace treaty was assured,

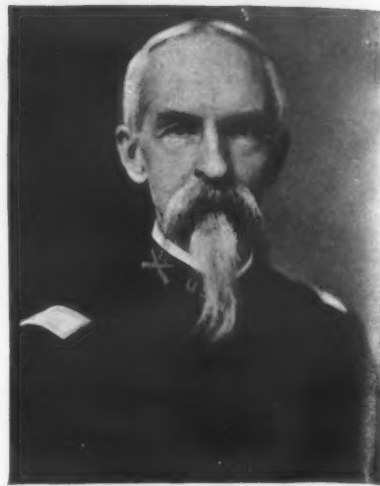
and no doubt egged on by Agoncillo and his *confrères* then in Washington. At that time the two armies lay opposite each other on parallel lines. In the engagement which ensued we routed the Filipinos so completely that they were driven back upon Calocan, some six miles from Manila; thence, by a series of engagements throughout February and March, steadily driving back Aguinaldo's forces upon their capital, Malolos, taking successively San Francisco del Monte, Mariguina, Malabon, Balintauac, San Bartolome, Novaliches, and lastly, on the 26th ultimo, Polo.

All of these towns were strongly intrenched. The work showed engineering skill of the highest order. The rifle-pits were constructed *en echelon*—one behind the other—and were dug deep enough to hide all of the Filipino save his head. Many were further protected with iron roofs and stone breastworks provided with loopholes. Against these fearful odds and in the burning sun our gallant troops fought their way, steadily driving back the always hidden

foe, who only came into sight when he began to run.

The American line was shaped like a great arc, about seven miles back from Manila, was about twenty miles long, and embraced 21,000 troops. The arc was cut midway by the Pasig River, which forms a natural military division. General Lawton, recently arrived from the United States, commands all south of the river, while General MacArthur was in command of all troops north of the Pasig, in all about 14,000 men. MacArthur's plan of campaign was to strike the enemy in the centre at Novaliches, then swing to the left and strike north of Polo, Wheaton pressing forward at Calocan, Hall's brigade demonstrating—i.e., feinting and attacking—west of the pumping-station—that is, on the old line of the Pasig. The final object of this movement was to split the enemy's forces in half and then beat each in detail.

It was thought by General Otis, commanding in the Philippines, that General MacArthur, by swinging to the left, would drive the Filipinos



A MANILA MARTYR—COLONEL HARRY C. EGBERT, IN COMMAND OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGULARS, FATALLY WOUNDED IN THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT WITH THE FILIPINOS.

away from their main body at Malolos; but in this he was frustrated by the almost impassable nature of the country. The Filipinos ran so fast that MacArthur could not head them off. The greatest advantage gained in these last affairs has been the capture of the railroad as far as Meicauyan by MacArthur's division. This enabled our forces to bring up their supplies with a minimum of time and effort, and also to transport back to the hospitals the wounded and sick. In these engagements the troops bearing the brunt of the action were Hale's brigade—the Third Nebraska, First South Dakota, First Wyoming, First Colorado, and Battery B of the Utah Artillery; Harrison Gray Otis's brigade—the Twentieth Kansas, First Montana, Tenth Pennsylvania, a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry, and Battery A of the Utah Artillery; besides Wheaton's brigade from Lawton's division, composed of the Twenty-second Infantry, Second Oregon, Third

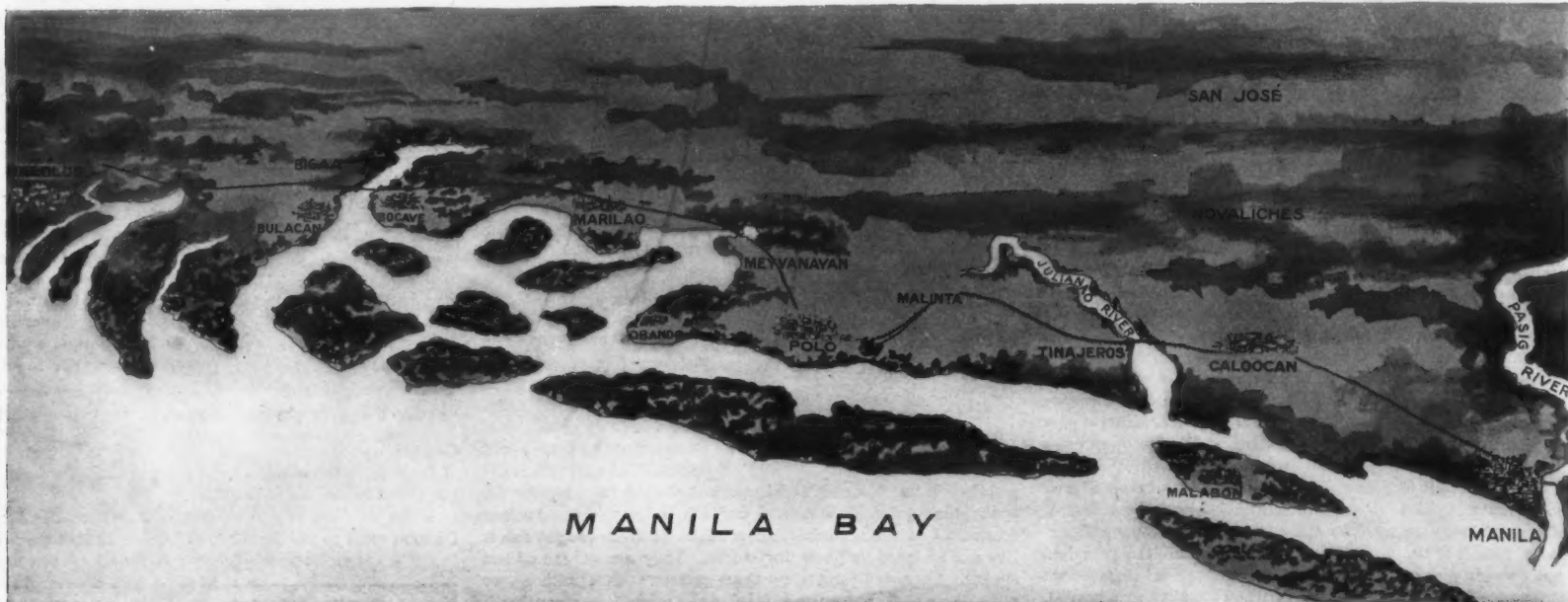
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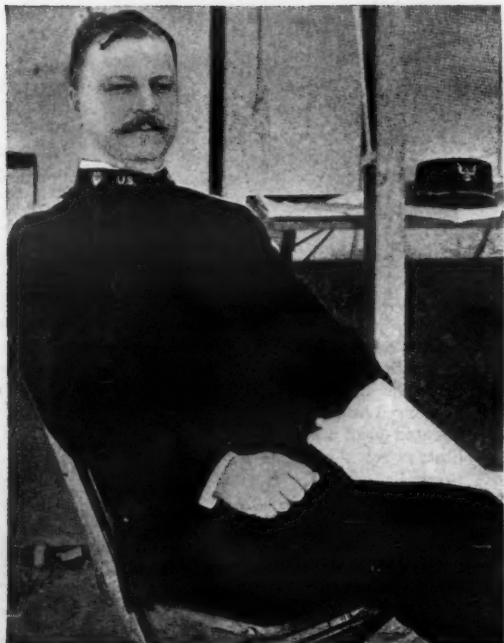
COLONEL H. C. KEISLER, COMMANDING THE MONTANA VOLUNTEERS, IN THE BATTLES WITH THE FILIPINOS.



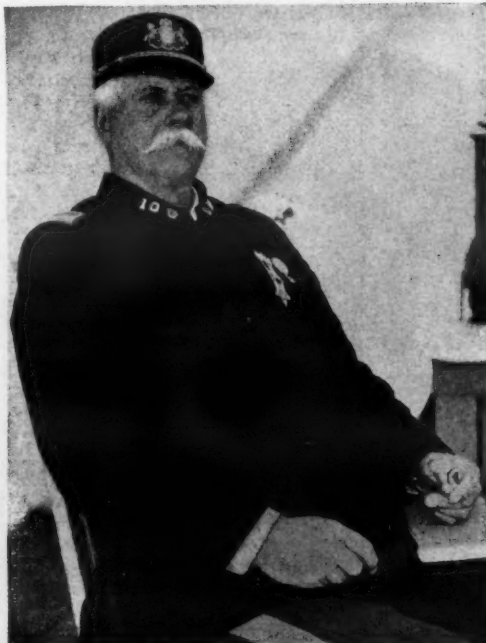
COLONEL F. C. LITTLE, COMMANDING THE TWENTIETH KANSAS VOLUNTEERS IN THE MANILA CAMPAIGN.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FIELD OF FIGHTING OPERATIONS NEAR MANILA.



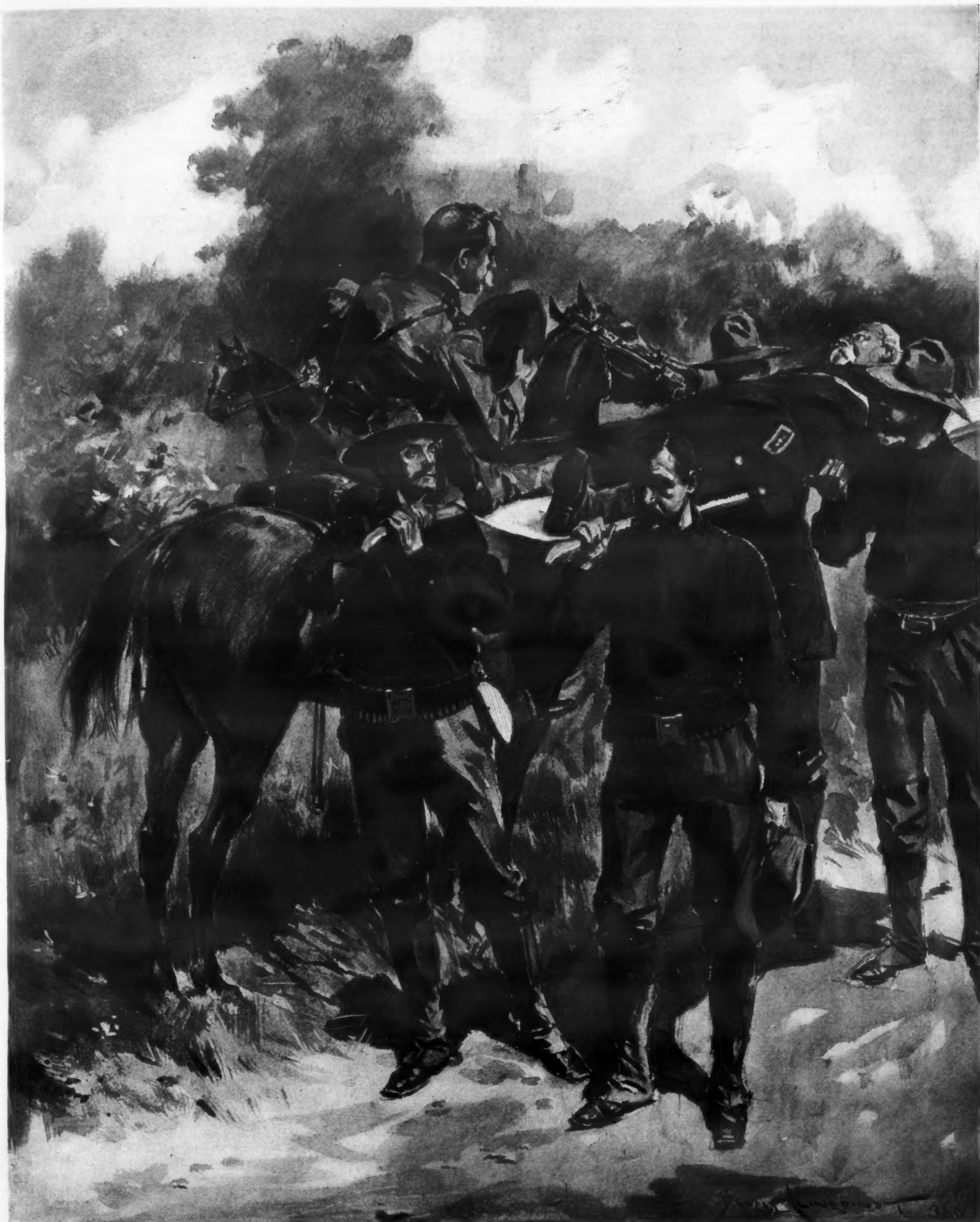
BRIGADIER GENERAL MAC ARTHUR, IN COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN DIVISION OPERATING NORTH OF THE PASIG RIVER.



COLONEL A. L. HAWKINS, COMMANDING THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, AT MANILA.



COLONEL C. MCREEVE, IN COMMAND OF THE PLUCKY THIRTEENTH MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.



A NOBLE HERO'S DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF MARCH 26TH WITH THE FILIPINOS, NEAR MALINTA, THE TWENTY-SECOND REGULARS, UNDER COL. HARRY C. EGBERT, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, RUSHED UPON THE INSURGENTS' LINES AND BROKE THEM IN CONFUSION. COLONEL EGBERT FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED. AS HE WAS BORNE OFF ON A LITTER GENERAL WHEATON, WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES, EXCLAIMED: "NOBLY DONE, EGBERT." THE WOUNDED OFFICER SMILED AND SAID: "GOOD-BYE, GENERAL; I'M DONE. I'M TOO OLD!" AND SOON AFTER DIED.—DRAWN FROM DESCRIPTIONS AND SKETCHES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

THE REGIMENT "GREENHORN."

BY MAIBELLE JUSTICE.

AUTHOR OF "BROTHERS IN BRAVERY."

DURING the late war I had the honor of filling satisfactorily the capacity of first lieutenant of the First Illinois Regiment, and during the greater part of the time was intrusted with the command of my company. As the followers of the war likely understand by this time, our regiment arrived in Cuba too late to bear the brunt of the fight; not that we were not all anxious for another battle like the charge on San Juan hill, where we might put to the test our fighting inclinations, for we were all armed to the teeth and ready; but we did land in time to learn what war was, and hardened ourselves to its horrors without a murmur. Immediately we were thrown into the trenches, and lay there till the fall of Santiago. We veritably lived, ate, drank, and slept in the trenches, and the intensity of our vigilance during those exciting days and terrible long nights helped to thin our ranks with a doom only too relentless, and caused us to leave behind the ninety or more graves with their little wooden crosses, lying silently and in peace under the palms and mangoes near Santiago. To look back over it all—the war seems almost like a dream, it was so short and so terrible, but our boys served well and faithfully, even though they could not fight, and there is not one who would not go again.

But I have a story to tell.

The war was not all hardship; it was as far as endurance was concerned, but so many things happened, so many little human incidents which showed us and the whole army what a hand of fellowship and humanity was extended throughout all, and what a great bond there was holding us all firm to one end—our faithfulness to each other and our country. There are thousands of little things which never got into the newspapers—but they will leak out yet; some of those poor, brave fellows lying away off there in Cuba will be heard from yet, although they are far past telling of their own heroism—nor would they, perhaps, in their modesty—but the sentiment of their comrades remains behind, and the unknown heroes will yet be known.

I am going to tell of one now.

Before we left home I took notice one day, among the volunteers, of a character of such great interest that I thought he would bear watching throughout the war. I did watch him, and this is his story:

His name was Michael Tafe, if you please—an Irishman. He told us he had only shortly come from the South—Missouri, I believe—and that he had "took a notion to go to Cuba and fit the Spaniards," using his own words, and as he was such a good specimen of manhood he had no trouble in getting enlisted. He told us that his former occupation had been that of a driver of an ice-wagon, yet he had no scruples whatever against changing from that cool temperature to the discomforts of Cuba. He was so anxious to go, in fact, that he furnished his own gun and blanket.

I can see him yet—that big, round, rosy face of his, and the little blue eyes which you couldn't see when he laughed, nor could you define much of any other feature of his face when he opened his mouth, and it was almost always open, either talking against orders or laughing at his own splendid wit. Mike Tafe didn't care much for discipline. He had probably never had any of it before in his life, and he saw the worst side of it right away.

"Be Gord, looten't!" he said to me one day before we sailed, "it goes against me grain ter work all by rid tape. When the time ter fit comes I'll be there and go ahead with ye, but don't boss me beforehand."

After that I saw it was necessary to give him some private lessons in discipline to keep him out of actual trouble with his superiors. The outcome of it was that I took a wonderful liking to him. He was the camp prescription for the blues. He knew funny stories by the yard, and I think some of his own experiences, related around the mess-tent, served to choke several soldiers every time we ate.

Mike was a giant in stature. Therefore he was put to some very hard work, and he did work like a Trojan. However, he did not like to be ordered to work.

"Invite me, looten't, and I will do it," he used to say, with a twinkle in his eye. Indeed, Michael Tafe's sole reason for going to war was, as far as I could learn, "ter fit the Spaniards," and he had no patience whatever with the tedious preliminaries of waiting South before we embarked, to say nothing of the military training he had to undergo before we felt him qualified for war.

When we did land in Cuba, however, there was no time for play. We simply went at it, and every man worked, from officer down. Mike Tafe was put in the lead of a gang of trench-diggers when we formed the horseshoe around Santiago. Half of the time the commanding officer was compelled to put a check on his sallies of wit, however, for the boys were either bended over their spades trying to relieve their suppressed laughter, or sent prone and weak on the banks because of it. Yet somehow no officer had the heart to mention the guard-house to him. We all liked him, and looked for a time when his fighting qualities might have an opportunity to assert themselves. We were anxious, too, to hear of his record after a battle, should we have one. We wanted to seize Santiago. Instead, we were ordered to maintain strict watch in the breast-works.

"If I can't get out of this diggin' business I'm goin' home," Tafe protested.

As for my own service, I was kept pretty closely on outpost duty a mile or so from camp.

The morning on which opens my incident was a heartrending one. The evening before we had had another dreadful downpour, and our shivering and agued men were kept standing waist-deep in water in the trenches throughout the night. The water came down Slippery Hill in torrents of an avalanche, soaking us all till there was not a dry thread on our skins. A more dejected or hopeless aspect of drenched humanity one

never saw than on the next morning, for after the cloud-burst the sun came out as blazing as ever and drew the sickly malarial germs from the steaming ground and swamps, and we stood around, exhausted and half-naked, trying to guard the clothes and blankets we had hung on the nearest bushes to dry. That same night, when off duty, I spent the time in sleeping in the trenches, where the water flowed over me till morning, when I took off my shirt, shook the wet gravel out of it, and put it on wrong-side out. Our breakfast was carried with us to the trenches, and we had the pleasure—I did, at least—of separating a batch of hard-tack from a cake of soap and melted quinine pills before I could pass it around to my hungry companions.

A little later I was summoned to my captain's tent.

"Darwin," said he, "I have a few men picked out which I wish you would break in for outpost duty. There's one big greenhorn among them, but I think he's got the eye of a sharpshooter. Take them all out to the further trenches and give them a crack or two."

I next located my awkward squad.

The men were ready. There were four of them, and prominent among them was my embryo soldier, Michael Tafe, and most likely the one whom the captain designated as "the greenhorn."

This was about the first opportunity I had had to exchange a word with Mike since leaving the transport, as our forced march gave us little time for friendliness. Nevertheless, I had kept an eye on him, and always discovered his red, eager face beaming along the line somewhere.

Once I recognized his voice in the hottest of the march—"Hey, looten't!"—but I dared not look around as I passed, for we were in a most perilous condition, when men were falling behind or sinking prostrate to the ground with the heat, and any wavering on the part of the commanders meant ruin or failure of the whole regiment. It was a terrible day, that. Once again I encountered Mike pushing a sick soldier up the steep ascent of the pass, at the same time pulling another along behind. The last view I had of him that day was when, purple as a beet in the face, he was ordered to help boost over a heavy piece of artillery which had overturned in the roadside.

So this was the first I had seen of him since.

"Good-morning, Tafe," I said, shaking the big paw stuck out at me.

"Mornin', looten't," he answered. "I see yez had a good duckin', the same as the rest of us."

"That I have, Tafe. I've been wet to the skin."

He took a hitch in his suspender—he had only one left—and tried to wrench his still partially damp trousers into their former shape. His shoes, I observed when he called my attention to them, were stuck on two sticks and left drying in the sun. The other boys, all young privates—Dean, Pilster, and Ryan by name—were also barefooted.

We shouldered guns, and I led the way to our little scene of action.

Outpost duty alone is exciting enough, and my work in the position of outpost No. 3 had been about the warmest along the line; but I concluded to give my men even a little more excitement and take them well out into the range of the enemy. Some sharpshooters had been bothering us pretty much at the time, and I thought it worth our while to locate a few. The trenches we made for were about two miles from camp, and one end was lost in a natural fortification of cactus. We soon reached the place by a dodging, zigzag path through the palm forest, myself in the lead and my men half-creeping, half-walking in my wake.

Pausing here, I placed my hands on my gun and looked over my men, trying to gauge their efficiency in this sort of work. There was every evidence of sharpshooters in the distance. I could see two plainly. We, however, were well shielded from sight.

"Boys," I said, "I suppose this is your first smell of war?"

A grin went around the circle, and Tafe voiced the answer of the quartette.

"Shore, looten't! I was about three year old when the last war went off, and I guess the kids weren't born yit."

"Very well; that's all. But follow closely all I command. Outpost duty is about as dangerous as any one comes across. What we are to do now is a little target-shooting toward the Spanish lines. Be careful to make no false move, and do only what I order. We are in direct aim of the enemy, and they are on a sharp lookout for us."

I signaled Tafe to follow me. Because of his age and aptitude, I judged him a good example for the young boys.

"Creep after me," I told him, "and keep your head well under cover of the breastwork."

"At your honor, sor," said Tafe, majestically.

We crawled along about ten feet, when I called a halt.

"Look through this hole, Tafe, and tell me what you see."

He pushed his whole face through the opening, and made a move as if his body would go after it.

"Don't crawl through," I demanded, pulling him by the shirt. "What do you see?"

"Men."

"What kind of men?"

He glanced at me sidewise.

"What kind of men? About the only kind I know of, looten't—two-legged men."

I bit my lip.

"Well?"

"I see two hidin', and there's one walkin' now."

"American or Spanish?"

He turned and looked at me intently.

"Can't tell you, looten't; they're most too far away."

"What are you out here for, anyway, Tafe? Have you forgotten so quickly your instructions as to the Spanish positions?"

That shed you see is called a block-house. Is that the first block-house you have ever seen?"

"I reckon they must be Spaniards, thin."

"Yes, Spanish soldiers."

"Yis, sor; Spanish soldiers," Tafe repeated, like a parrot.

"Push your gun through the hole, aim, and when I give the command—fire."

"I can't shoot so well, stoopin' down here, looten't, as I can standin'."

"Shoot as you are."

"All right, sor, but—"

"Make ready!"

"What you want me to shoot at, looten't?"

"Shoot at? A man, of course," I said, impatiently.

"A man, looten't?" he answered, blankly.

"Pick out your man and kill him—there, that one with his leg hanging out of the tree. Make ready—fire!"

There was no report.

Private Tafe lowered his gun and turned on me with a grin of grim amazement. I heard a snigger among the boys at our left.

"Do ye mean for me ter kill a man who is tendin' ter his own business and doin' nothin' ter me?"

"Exactly."

"Thin yez have picked out the wrong man, looten't," he said, resolutely. "I'm disapinted in ye!"

I stared at him a moment to see if he meant it. He evidently did, for he pulled the nose of his gun out of the hole and threw the piece on the ground. Over his massive red face spread an expression of pitying disgust, and I saw that I had inspired the emotion.

"Take up your gun!"

He raised it slowly.

"I do not like to be severe with you, Tafe, but you will have to attend strictly to business. Take your aim, and when I say fire—fire!" I raised my voice to a demanding pitch, and at the tone the youngsters behind us in the cactus ceased giggling, which I meant they should.

Tafe's great jaws squared themselves, and he still looked at me in wondering amazement.

"Bless me, looten't, you aren't in good earnest?"

"Never more so."

"But I couldn't shoot down a man in cold blood like that. Let him come out and I'll fit him."

"It is not men we are fighting individually, Tafe—you must not look at it in that light—but Spain as a whole. That man out there is a clever devil bent on bloody work, and he thinks we do not see him. Take the one in the tree, for instance. He's been there in safety so long that he begins to grow careless. Give me your gun and I'll pick him off."

Private Tafe still compressed his lips and continued to look through the aperture till the silence grew oppressive. His face, too, began to take on a paler hue, and I saw his bullying with me was no joke or roundabout play of wit, as I first thought it might be. It was the serious side of his nature I had encountered, and it was going to be a hard one to deal with.

"Tafe, I don't want a day of reckoning with you for disobedience, but this is the second time you have disobeyed orders," I said, severely, "and it's the last time." Personally I hated to concede the fact that my man was no soldier at all, and I felt I could never develop one from the great hulk of stubborn, raw material beside me, and I was keenly disappointed. That Mike had the eye of a marksman I had ample proof, for I had seen him send tin cans off the muzzle of a gun a dozen times a day, and shoot any bird which chanced to fly over the trenches. But he was no soldier at all. As the captain had said, he was certainly as green as grass. "What under the sun did you leave your ice-wagon for, if you are afraid of your gun?" I bellowed. "Did you come down here to shoot holes in the ground or leaves off the trees? Spain is aching to meet a whole army of your calibre. I've no doubt that Linares would like to get a pump at you himself. I thought you told me you wanted to fight the daylight out of the Spaniards."

While I was hurling this derision at him I heard him catch his breath spasmodically several times, and I hoped it would spur him to action. But no. When I ceased speaking the terrible tension in his big, solemn face relaxed somewhat, and he said:

"So I do want to lick the daylight out 'em, but ye don't ask me to fit, looten't; ye ask me to do murder, and that's agin me principals."

Without saying anything, I reached for his hat and, placing it on the end of my gun-barrel, raised it above the breastworks.

"Ping! Ping! Ping!"

Instantly we heard the noise so well known to a soldier, and two rifle-balls lifted Tafe's hat before his protruding eyes and landed it at his feet. With these same eyes rounding in astonishment he first looked at his torn head-gear, then at me.

"Gord! What's that, looten't?"

"Oh, that's only the salute of a few of your friends over there in the brush who have nothing agin you. They think that was you standing up there, and suppose you are in the land of kingdom come now. If you are not dead they would like you to stand up so they can do it again," I continued, trying to shame him.

"Golly, looten't?"

"They are taking it easy, and looking for suckers who only want to 'fit' and not kill."

Next I picked up a seared palm-leaf, and this, whirled around on the end of my gun, essayed to call forth another rain of bullets.

"Try it yourself, Tafe."

Gingerly he repeated the operation. This time the avalanche of big shot sent the leaf whirling twenty feet away.

"They think you like it," I said.

"I reckon if I'd stand up and look over, I'd—"

"Yes, you'd sit down again as quickly, or the top of your head would do something like that," pointing to the palm-leaf.

"That beats me all holler, looten't."

"Are you ready to try a little fire yourself now?"

Tafe took up his rifle, examined it reflectively, then poked its nose through the hole again. He was long in taking aim. Then

the trigger clicked, and my heart stood still. But that was all. He turned to me again, expanded his big chest in a sigh of anguish, and blurted out:

"Be Gord, looten't, I just can't do it! I hit a man with a pair of ice-tongues once fer mouthin' me too much, and when I seen him stretched out unconscious I felt d——d near the same as I do now, takin' aim on them Spaniards. Be Gord, I can't do it! I can't do it. Let me go back and dig trenches. It don't 'pear ter me they thought that was me standin' up ter be shot. They must know we were only foolin' 'em!"

"Suppose I stand up and see."

He made a grab for my shoulders. I could see his knees trembling. In his face, too, I saw the same anxious strain as the night when I lay ill, threatened with fever, on the transport, and he sat beside me like a faithful animal, bathing my face with a wet sponge, and would not leave me. I hadn't the heart to punish him. I must be patient a little longer. Yet I insisted on standing up.

"Don't try it, looten't. Mebby they did think it was me, and they might hurt ye. If anybody has ter stand up, let me. There, now," he said, patting me on the back, "sit down and let me think; I 'pear to be a little rattled just yit."

My heart softened to him then, though I was indeed sorely tried.

"Mike," I said, solemnly, "don't you know what we are coming to any day, any hour? We are waiting now for the fall of Santiago. We may have to take the city by assault. It may come at any hour, to-day or to-morrow. Can't you hear the cannon booming off there and see the smoke settling on the hills? That's Grimes's battery. Over there are Teddy Roosevelt's rough riders. We may go to re-enforce the army at sunrise. Where will you be then? You complain of mule-driving on the march because you can't walk with the soldiers. Here you have a chance to be a soldier. But are you a soldier? Perhaps you'd better dig a trench, crawl in, and cover yourself up. When it's all over I'll come back and tell you when to stick your head out."

He swore an oath under breath at this, and glared at me.

"Looten't, if ye weren't a purty boy I'd lick ye fer that! I reckon yez have a right ter blow at me that way, but I don't like it; be Gord, I don't!"

"No offense meant, Tafe. I only want to prepare you for what you may have to rush into at any moment. As we charge through the enemy's lines you must know something about taking off your men. You will have shells explode in your face or tear to pieces men in the lines next you. You will see your comrades swept off the face of the earth like the sea here brushes out the pebbles—perhaps it will be us, Mike—you, me, or young Dean, or Pilsner, or Ryan, here. Who knows? You will see a man fall dying to the gory ground, and you won't have time to stop for his needs. It's time to brace up, Mike, for this may not be twenty-four hours away. God knows it may be sooner. Are you ready to go?"

He slapped his big hands on his knees, and his eyes had widened with interest on each tragic picture I painted.

"Am I riddy? Ye bit I'm riddy, looten't. Yis, sor; when it comes ter that, ye bet I'll stick ter ye. Them's the sort of excitement I'm lookin' fer."

"And yet you never set a gun on a man?"

"No, boss; that's different. But I ain't no tenderfoot, I ain't, and I'll not run when the time comes. I've got to git good wrought up and mad first; then I can fit like a tom-cat, and mebby kill, too. But I'll be blamed, looten't, I can't poke my gun through no hole and kill a man, good or bad, when he ain't lookin'."

At this juncture I discovered that the young fellows behind us, whom I had almost forgotten in my present charge, were of more belligerent temperament than Mike, for young Dean brought me to my senses by a call from the thicket.

"Lieutenant, where do we come in?"

The remark also reached Mike's ears, and he shook his fist at them.

"Ye don't come in nowheres in this ugly business, ye young skinflints," he shouted. "So long as Mike Tafe can keep ye from it there won't be no young kids learnt ter kill in cold blood. Ye stay where ye are. We're comin' out now."

My heart fell. Here was a man disobeying every order of his superior officer. I would not dare to report him at headquarters, yet I could not afford to let him go unpunished. I saw it was no use to force him. I don't believe that anything short of a threat of death could have forced him to fire through that hole. Indeed, I believe I should have had to kill him first. He was twice as big as myself and many years my senior, and he had a kindly way of calling me his "kid lieutenant" about camp, till it had finally become a fixed pseudonym of mine. If I could have gotten him to fire one charge I could give some sort of record to his morning's work, for soft-heartedness is not even countenanced on sharpshooting duty; and yet I knew Mike was no coward. All I could do was to set him an example.

"Ryan," I called to one of the boys, "come along. You can take a hand in this now."

The boy came forward with a whoop of delight, and I was just turning to make room for him when, all of a sudden, he was seen to grasp his breast with both hands, spring forward, and fall prone to the ground. My heart fairly ceased beating, for I realized what he had done. He had not stooped low enough along the breastworks, and a sharpshooter had used him as a target. Forgetful of the bullets which might have brained us all, we sprang to him and dragged him back among the cacti again.

I turned Ryan over on his back. He was dead. A Mauser bullet had penetrated clean through the young breast, which only a moment before had been throbbing wildly with patriotism. The prowling hyenas had secured a victim at last, and an innocent enough one he was.

"The guerrillas have killed him," whispered young Dean. "My God! what will his poor mother say? He is my cousin, too."

There was one man among us who seemed to be utterly bereft of speech. Private Dean had burst into tears at the horror of the sight, and I was trembling in every limb with excitement. It was the first time I had been so near to death of this kind. But Tafe seemed to be turned to stone. He started and stared

at the little trickle of blood coming somewhere from under the young soldier's body, till his small blue eyes became twice their size. Finally he found speech.

"Is he dead, looten't—is he dead?" he whispered, hoarsely.

I nodded.

"Quite dead." My fingers lay on the silenced pulse. Likely he had never breathed after the bullet struck him.

"Hell on their souls!"

There was a snort of rage and a lunge like a heavy animal. Snatching his gun, Tafe made one bound for the breastworks, and before I could pull him back, had mounted the barricade. Bracing himself on one knee, he fired twice in rapid succession. He was deaf to our shouts and the answering bullets which whizzed past his head. Reloading, he fired once again, then, with a face pale as death, slid back into the trench.

"I peeled three that time, looten't!"

As God is my witness, it was true. It was the straightest, clearest, quickest piece of firing I had ever seen. I could have embraced the ugly Irishman in my enthusiasm. One body I had seen slide down the tree as if pulled by an unseen force; the other men in the crush threw up their arms and fell also. I saw they did not get up again. Mike's aim had been as sure as it was terrific.

"You have killed them all," I said, with a trembling voice.

"What a soldier you are, Mike!"

"I reckon we are through with the morning, sor," he said, saluting.

"Yes, quite through."

Then we went to care for our dead.

Private Ryan was buried with military honors, Tafe having dug his simple resting-place under the sweeping palms, but he had not rested in the valley a day and a night till Michael Tafe had avenged his death innumerable times. The same day he secured permission from the colonel to go back to the "hole" again, and sent two more Spaniards into eternity. He kept it up for days, till he became the pride of the regiment and certainly the camp hero.

And such is the ending of my chronicle of the regiment "greenhorn."

The March of the Colonist.

O'er seagirt isles of verdure looms the radiant light
That fired thy fathers' blood when reign'd the Virgin Queen;
A meteor, flashing westward with Apollo's flight,
Deck'd zenith down to nadir with its lustrous sheen:
From north to south, from rosy east to purpling west,
The Briton blaz'd a path from vale to mountain's crest;
Then crown'd his deeds of valor with the laws of right,
And justice away'd her sceptre o'er a nascent scene.
The mountain tower'd as bulwark, merging skies with snow,
But frowning barrier seal'd to sunset's sea of flame,
Where Luna's lambent fires on plangent waters glow,
On adamantine rocks thy sires engrav'd their name;
The Tree of Knowledge planted midst a vagrant race
And cleft their El Dorados from the mountain's face;
Now valleys smile with golden grain, and blossoms blow
Midst sunbeams blithely dancing to the birds' acclaim.
Columbia, 'tis thy destiny! Those laws fulfill,
Decreed on high ere race was form'd on English meads!
Now onward stream thy sons, whilst fields remain to till,
As spring-time flood brings verdure to a waste of weeds!
Then shall the jovous earth resound with songs of peace,
When civil strife is still'd, when alien wars shall cease;
Watch-fires shall pierce the gloom and leap from hill to hill,
And stars reflect the lustre of thy glorious deeds.
Accomplish'd be the mission when thy laws prevail
Where'er doth shine the sun, where'er doth blow the wind;
Thy flags shall toy with zephyrs and shall brave the gale,
Thy peerless knights shall free the slaves, their thralls unbind.
Then shall the jovous earth resound with songs of peace,
With throbbing hearts ablaze, see peace have crown'd their days;
The Anglo-Saxon flags the world's ring world shall hail,
As hearts, replete with joy, those emblems have enshrined.
CECIL J. DENTON.

The Situation in Cuba.

WHAT THE ARMY IS DOING FOR THE ISLAND—CHARITY WORK OF ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS—CRIME SUPPRESSED AND JUSTICE SWIFTLY ADMINISTERED—ATTENTION TO THE ABANDONED DEPENDENTS OF SPAIN—THE FILTH OF HAVANA.

(James F. J. Archibald, our Special Correspondent.)

HAVANA, March 5th, 1899.—It is impossible to realize, except from personal observation, what the United States Army is doing for Cuba. All officers and men who have the reconstruction of Havana in charge take personal interest in the work, and it is being done thoroughly. If the present government is continued and not hampered, the island of Cuba will, in one year, be the most cleanly and delightful spot on the Western continent. There should be less sickness in Havana than in any city that I ever visited. It is commended to health by every law of nature, and as soon as it has been scrubbed and dug out and the sewerage system perfected there need be no fear of sickness.

General Ludlow was confronted on the 1st day of January by a task that seemed impossible. To make an impression upon the dirt of the city seemed a heavy task, for it was the accumulation of centuries. It is not like anything we could imagine in the United States. There is filth that does not admit even of a description; filth inconceivable to a human race; such filth as a dumb brute in our country would not tolerate. It pervades all classes and all parts of their habitations, and they do not seem to mind it in the slightest. When we first came to Havana the odor from the streets and houses was so offensive that it sickened us, yet the people of Havana were actually used to it. Their houses were almost entirely without sanitary arrangements, and it is surprising that there has not been more fever and death.

The poor were starving, and the streets were crowded with beggars of all ages and conditions. The most worthy poor are in the remote parts of the city. It is no uncommon thing to find eight or ten in a family, all living in one room with a horse, cow, or goat. It is the usual thing to keep chickens in the apartments of the house. At the time of the evacuation crime was rife and no one was safe on the streets after night except in the main thoroughfares. Immediately after our flag was raised many criminals from the United States poured into the city, expecting to reap a harvest, but military justice is swift and severe, and in this entire city not more than ten or a dozen arrests are made daily, and most of them are for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. The Spanish officials left their public insti-

tutions in a deplorable condition. In orphan asylums, hospitals, and widows' homes the inmates were actually starving, where they had no outside means of support. In one case a single doctor and a decrepit old Chinese cook were the sole attendants in a large hospital, and they both fully expected to be discharged as soon as the Americans came. When the former was told that he might continue his good work and was given money and authority to hire all the help he needed and buy the food, he broke down and wept like a child.

General Ludlow has sent a member of his staff to all the different churches of the city and those in the suburbs, and has ascertained what their wants are, and they are supplied with rations, not only for their own use, but for the use of their poor. Relief stations have been established in various parts of the city to relieve the immediate suffering of the poor, and they are doing excellent work, for the poor here are a starved, pinched lot. They accept food without thanks, and in many cases complain if it is not to their taste, and they accept this bounty day after day without attempting to find employment. There are marked exceptions to this sort, however; in some cases the gratitude shown is pitiful.

The crowds around the stations of relief are composed almost entirely of negroes, and their scramble for food would, in an Anglo-Saxon country, be called fighting. A delicate or refined woman stands but small chances of getting near to the door, but as a rule the officer in charge looks out for such a case, and helps her over the heads of the mob. A few days ago, at one of the stations, we noticed a well-dressed woman being elbow'd about and apparently without enough strength to hold her own. We made way for her through the throng, and when she reached the room she sank into a chair half fainting. She was given food enough for ten days. She was about to leave when she burst into tears, and it was some few minutes before she could speak. She told us that it was the first time in her life that she had ever applied for charity. A few months ago her husband and five children had been with her on a beautiful plantation, prosperous and happy, but to-day the plantation is a waste, her husband executed by Spanish guerrillas, and her children dead of starvation. She still owns the land, and as soon as she is able to get it under cultivation will be in good circumstances. Cases of this sort are common, and many of the destitute have been used to much better fare, and some have been wealthy.

The Spaniards left all the prisons in a most filthy condition—a filth that cannot be imagined by an American. The prisoners are for the most part idle, and those who work make cigars and cigarettes. Hundreds of prisoners do not know what they are charged with. The judges, the keepers, and the records have no knowledge of when or why these persons were incarcerated. I went with Major Treat and Captain Greble, two of General Ludlow's staff officers, on their official inspection, and it was pitiful to hear the prisoners beg the interpreter to tell their tale to the new officials. They all hope for pardon. Their one idea of Americans is that they are here to throw open the gateway to liberty. General Ludlow has convened a court that is investigating the records of Spanish injustice. In the city prisons the filth and disorder were greater than in the penitentiary, as all sorts of low, drunken men and women were thrown into together in one great cage. No matter what the offense, no matter to what stage of society the culprit belonged, all were thrown into this same vile den. Now prisoners are put into different cells, according to their cleanliness and condition. The Eighth and Tenth Infantry are patrolling the city. The police department is under the direction of Major John Gary Evans, inspector-general, who was at one time Governor of South Carolina, and he is doing excellent work. Major Evans sits on all the cases for their preliminary hearing.

One of the most noteworthy orders that has been issued is that in reference to caring for the widows and orphans of Spanish officers. A large institution called the "Casa de Viudas" (widows' home) was erected and supported by subscription from the pay of the Spanish officers, and while in the past few months it has been used by officers themselves to quarter their families and thus save rent, still, since the occupation the Americans have opened it up and are rapidly filling it with those widows and orphans who can show that they are the wives or children of Spanish officers. An effort will undoubtedly be made later to return these dependent women to Spain, where their own government can take care of them. I went with Captain E. St. J. Greble, of General Ludlow's staff, who has this work in hand, and it was interesting to note the degrees of gratitude shown by these people. We would find a large family huddled in one small room, without anything to eat or any support. They had been granted a pension by their government, but its payment had long since ceased. We put them into this institution, and tears of gratitude flowed freely, but in less than a week they were complaining, like the rest, of the food given them, excellent as it was. All the people seem to think that Americans are to work for them, feed them, and clothe them, but the idea of thanks never seems to enter their minds, and the greatest jubilee the island has ever known will be when the American flag comes down from the official buildings. The lower classes and the army still shout for "Cuba Libre." There are more Cuban officers in Havana than ever saw a uniform until the idea of paying them was put forth.

Among a few, however, gratitude for the labor the army is doing is genuine, as a letter received from a Spanish officer's widow who was put in the home will show. It ran thus:

I beg you to convey to General Ludlow the sincere expression of my gratitude, as well as my family's, for the noble and generous action of the great nation of your worthy representation in providing us with shelter and food, and also the means to work, and thus honestly earn our living, preserving us from the forlornness we were enduring in consequence of continued misfortunes of our mother country. Your magnanimity is the more meritorious as it is practiced by a victorious nation who spontaneously tenders all protection to the widows and orphans of the conquered. Further praise must be awarded for your tact and delicacy, thus discarding from the benefit all humiliation so often mingled with charity. Protectors like you enjoy the blessings of heaven. Sons of such a noble nation are prone to render it prosperous and happy. Yours respectfully,
DOLores YSGUIERDO.

The task in Cuba before the Americans is of immense proportions, for they are contending with a people the majority of whom are looking for personal gain and not for the good of their country.



FIRING-LINE OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF FEBRUARY 10TH, IN FRONT OF CALOOCAN, SUPPORTED BY THE TWENTY-THIRD UNITED STATES INFANTRY. THE FIRST LINE ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE FROM THE TOP IS THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS. THE LINE IN CLOSE FORMATION IS THE TWENTY-THIRD REGULARS. FILIPINO BULLETS WERE FLYING ALL ABOUT OUR BRAVE SPECIAL ARTIST WHILE HE WAS TAKING THIS PICTURE.



GROUP OF FILIPINO PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE BATTLES OF FEBRUARY 5TH AND 10TH, ABOUT MANILA, AND HELD IN FORT SANTIAGO, INSIDE THE WALLS OF OLD MANILA, GUARDED BY A DETACHMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD UNITED STATES REGULARS. AT NIGHT THEY ARE KEPT IN THE CASEMENTS. THREE HUNDRED ARE THERE NOW.



MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR MAC ARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS TO THE RIGHT OF CALOOCAN, DURING AND AFTER THE FIGHT OF FEBRUARY 10TH. IT IS LOCATED NEAR THE INTRENCHMENTS AND ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE LINE OF HIS DIVISION. (SECOND DIVISION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.)



FIRING-LINE OF THE FIRST MONTANA VOLUNTEERS WHILE IN ACTION NEAR CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10TH. TRENCH-DIGGERS AT WORK.



FIRING-LINE OF THE FIRST IDAHO VOLUNTEERS ON LEFT OF TWENTY-THIRD REGULARS, CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10TH.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE IN

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD AND DURING THE PIERCE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE



A DEAD INSURGENT IN THE TRENCH AT CALOOCAN.



WHERE THE FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY CHARGED AND TOOK THE INTRENCHMENTS SOUTH OF CINGALON, FEBRUARY 5TH, THE LAST PART OF THE LINE TAKEN.



THE BLOODY BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 5TH. DEAD INSURGENT IN INTRENCHMENT, KILLED BY A SHELL FROM THE "MONADNOCK," HIS HEAD AND CHEST WERE CRUSHED, HAND CUT OFF, AND LEG TORN IN TWO.



PROTESTANT CEMETERY NORTH OF MANILA, PAST WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED WHILE DRIVING OUT THE INSURGENTS FEBRUARY 10TH. DEAD FILIPINO LYING NEAR THE WIRE FENCE.



ON LEFT OF TWENTY-TH KANSAS, DURING THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 10TH.

JUNGLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

FIGHTING BETWEEN THE BRAVE AMERICAN TROOPS AND THE DESPERATE FILIPINOS, NEAR MANILA.



INTRENCHMENTS OF THE TWO COMPANIES OF THE UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY, TO THE RIGHT OF MALABON, BEYOND CALOOCAN, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 10TH. MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG COMMANDING.



FIRING-LINE OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF FEBRUARY 10TH, IN FRONT OF CALOOCAN, SUPPORTED BY THE TWENTY-THIRD UNITED STATES INFANTRY. THE FIRST LINE ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE FROM THE TOP IS THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS. THE LINE IN CLOSE FORMATION IS THE TWENTY-THIRD REGULARS. FILIPINO BULLETS WERE FLYING ALL ABOUT OUR BRAVE SPECIAL ARTIST WHILE HE WAS TAKING THIS PICTURE.



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FIRING-LINE OF THE FIRST IDAHO VOLUNTEERS ON LEFT OF TWENTIETH KANSAS, FEBRUARY 10TH. CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10TH.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE IN

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD AND DURING THE FIERCE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE



A DEAD INSURGENT IN THE TRENCH AT CALOOCAN.



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PROTESTANT CEMETERY NORTH OF MANILA, PAST WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED WHILE DRIVING OUT THE INSURGENTS FEBRUARY 10TH. DEAD FILIPINO LYING NEAR THE WIRE FENCE.



ON LEFT TWENTY-TH KANSAS, DURING THE BATTLE OF N, FEBRUARY 10TH.



INTRENCHMENTS OF THE TWO COMPANIES OF THE UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY, TO THE RIGHT OF MALABON, BEYOND CALOOCAN, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 10TH. MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG COMMANDING.

JUNGLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

TING BETWEEN THE BRAVE AMERICAN TROOPS AND THE DESPERATE FILIPINOS, NEAR MANILA.

The Campaign in Manila.

(Continued from page 284.)

Artillery, acting as infantry, with two guns from the Utah Artillery (Astor field howitzers). An important feature of the attack was the efficient use of the army gun-boats, which shelled the insurgents along the coast and the numerous estuaries, driving them back and preventing any rallying-point within striking distance of our lines.

So far as recorded, our loss was about fifty killed and 300 wounded. Among those who fell were Colonel Henry C. Egbert, of the Twenty-second Infantry, who was severely wounded on July 1st, 1898, at Santiago, and promoted for gallantry in that action; Lieutenant Maurice Kravenbuhl, Third Artillery, and Captain Stewart, of the First Colorado. Another casualty was that of Prince Löwenstein-Wertheim, who somehow got outside the firing-line and was almost instantly killed. Colonel Egbert was shot through the abdomen, and an effort was made to transport him to the cars, but the gallant officer died before it could be done. Of course General Otis's intention is to push forward, but it is feared that while Aguinaldo's forces will certainly be beaten, they cannot be cornered and forced to a surrender. But when Malolos falls the insurgents will be cut off from all outside connection with the world, naturally their base of supplies for ammunition and all munitions of war. A lot of hard fighting is ahead of our men, and the six additional regiments of infantry ordered to the Philippines can reach there none too soon.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

The Campaign of the Jungle.

OUR EAGER SOLDIERS LEAVE THE MANILA HOSPITALS TO FIGHT THE FILIPINOS—THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN AND THE CAPTURE OF ILOILO—SECRET ORGANIZATION OF DESPERATE FILIPINOS—DISSENSIONS AMONG AGUINALDO'S FOLLOWERS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, February 18th, 1899.—Since the outbreak of hostilities with the Filipinos, with the exceptions of the battles of Caloocan and Iloilo, fighting has consisted of a series of skirmishes breaking out all times of the day and night at points along our thirty miles of lines. This method of bushwhacking, which is characteristic of Filipino warfare, has been very trying to our troops, and though the casualties have been comparatively few, the slight wounds here and there have added to the hospital list. It is a remarkable fact, however, that, at this writing, there are less men in the hospital than before hostilities commenced. So eager were the boys to be in the fight that they took up their beds and walked, disclaiming their illness and demanding to go back to their companies. Of the 233 at present suffering from wounds received in the field, the surgeon-general reports that it is likely that all will recover. The Mauser bullet makes a clean-cut hole and cauterizes the wound so that healing commences immediately.

After the entire insurgent army assembled in a semicircle around Manila in the old Spanish block-houses and trenches were driven precipitously from their strongholds on the night of February 3d and the Sunday following, they concentrated a large force at Caloocan, seven miles from Manila. Caloocan is a large town and an important suburb of Manila. The Manila-Dagupan railroad-shops, worth half a million dollars, and the residence of the manager are located there. It was rumored that Aguinaldo had come down to Caloocan to direct this important engagement, which was inevitable. Following up our previous advances, therefore, it was decided to storm Caloocan the following Sunday. Promptly at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon the *Charleston* and the *Monadnock* opened the festivities with shot and shell for thirty minutes. The Utah battery quickly followed with five guns and a mortar battery from a slight elevation south of the town. The infantry of General H. G. Otis's brigade, the Kansas, the Montana, the Third Artillery, and the Idaho, sent such a rain of musketry into the rebel lines that they fell back from tree to tree and trench to trench, taking advantage of the rice-field ridges, until they were finally compelled to take to their heels and run for shelter behind the railroad buildings, cars, and churches.

The town was soon a raging furnace, for the *nipa* huts burn like tinder, and the insurgents took to the woods a mile and a half back of Caloocan. In a few hours it was reduced to ashes, and hundreds of dead natives lay on the fields and in the trenches. "They fought like bears," one army officer expressed it. At 5:15 the stars and stripes floated over Caloocan, and the bells of the churches were rung furiously. Eight Americans were killed and thirty-four wounded. Three hundred and over insurgents were buried in their trenches. The church of Santa Maria Yinagen was shelled. The insurgents kept up picket-firing all night, but made no attempt to renew the attack. This fight gave us about eight or ten miles of railway, and Caloocan is now being made into a fortified arsenal and distributing point. It is near Malabon, where undoubtedly our next important battle will occur. Malabon lies close to Manila Bay, and the *Charleston* and *Monadnock* could reduce it to ruins in an hour. It is a rich city of over 10,000 inhabitants, and contains many substantial houses and shops. A dummy railroad, an extension of the Manila street-railway, runs to Malabon, and though idle for many months, our boys have steamed up the three little engines and style it the "Utah Short Line," making it useful in carrying supplies.

Our lines now extend out about ten miles from Manila and are nearly thirty miles in length. To-day an effort was made to draw them in at a point up the Pasig River, which resulted in a sharp attack from the insurgents, who took the manœuvre as a retreat. They were quickly repulsed. They seem to be aware that we are in need of more troops to make further advances, and, taking advantage of the situation, keep up a harassing fire along the lines. As soon as the 9,000 regulars which are expected within ten days arrive a campaign in the interior will be commenced and Malolos, Aguinaldo's headquarters, will be probably the first objective point. It is conceded that no time must be lost in destroying the Filipinos' government; when this is accomplished, their army organization will disappear. Dissension

exists everywhere. The Macebebes, 3,000 strong, of the Pangasinan Province east of Malolos, have offered to help our troops. They are a strong, fearless race, and were loyal allies of the Spaniards until disbanded and discharged without pay upon the surrender of Manila. Priests from the provinces of Tarlac and Pangasinan assure General Otis that the natives in these provinces are opposed to Aguinaldo and will welcome annexation. Although without arms they have harassed Aguinaldo's government continually. The Visayas group of islands to the south, including Negros, Panay, Samar, Leyte, Masbate, Cebu, and the smaller islands, submit to Aguinaldo's power only because they have no fire-arms with which to resist. Aguinaldo has placed a hundred armed Tagalos in the capitals of these islands and forced them to submit to taxation and compelled them to manufacture bolos.

Hundreds of unarmed Filipinos are coming into the city of Manila daily, having expressed a desire for protection. They are treated as prisoners at liberty and set free in the city. Tension is high, however, in Manila and the streets are deserted after eight o'clock at night. An organization of a semi-Masonic nature has been unearthed, mainly through the efforts of Captain Hagadorn, adjutant-general of the Twenty-third Infantry, in charge of Fort Santiago in the walled city. It is of a menacing nature. The band is styled Bolo men, and rude knives and hundreds of insurgent uniforms have been captured and the organization practically destroyed. A telegram was intercepted yesterday instructing these murderers to attack the city at eight o'clock. The scare ran through the streets and every one prepared for fire and battle, but the provost-guards gathered in several hundred natives and confined them in the walled city, and the coup was not made. Shots are occasionally fired at Americans who venture out too late or too far, but none have been effective and so prompt are the measures taken to discourage repetitions by the same individuals that the practice is almost repressed.

Iloilo, only second in importance to Manila, was the next knotty problem for General Otis to solve. Of course it would have been an easy victory for the *Boston* and *Petrel*, but it has not been the American policy in the Philippines to conquer at all hazards. Iloilo is a substantial city of ten thousand inhabitants, with a harbor rivaling Manila. It contains an *ayuntamiento*, or palace, large banks, a government house, large churches, convents, prisons, and well constructed stores and residences, much of which property is owned by foreigners. The people are naturally industrious, and raise immense quantities of sugarcane, rice, abaca, corn, coffee, cacao, and tobacco. Much of the fine *piña* and *Jusi* cloth is made at Iloilo, there being over 4,000 looms engaged in this industry. The exports amount to 18,000,000 pesos annually. It was, therefore, important to take Iloilo without ruining the commercial interests of the town. On Saturday, the 11th of February, the expedition commanded by Brigadier-General Miller was re-enforced by the Tennessees arriving on the transport *St. Paul*. The Eighteenth Infantry were already in the harbor, where they had been for some weeks. In the morning the insurgents under Generals Arenetta and Lopez were observed digging trenches and fortifying themselves in the public buildings. Word was sent ordering them to desist, but as the order was not heeded the *Petrel* opened fire, followed by the *Boston*. The dangerous places were soon cleaned out, little resistance being possible. A detachment of forty-eight marines under Lieutenant Niblock quickly landed from the *Boston* and hoisted the stars and stripes over the old Spanish fort.

The auxiliary gun-boat *Samar* arrived with two Hotchkiss and Gatling guns and, manned by a detachment of Battery G, Sixth Light Artillery, hastened up the river and the natives beat a quick retreat to the bridge on the Jaro road, but before leaving fired the American, British, and German consulates and a large portion of the main street containing the principal business houses. The government house was also burned and a number of the best residences. It was a piece of wanton destruction out of all limits of civilized warfare. A landing was immediately made by detachments from the Eighteenth Infantry and the Tennessees, and the ravage of the flames checked. The natives retreated to Jaro, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, but on the following day were driven from Jaro and Moro and sent flying toward the foothills, where they now hold forth. No casualties are reported on the American side, and as the natives carried off their dead and wounded, it is impossible to estimate their loss. Trade is now opened up in Iloilo, but on account of the scarcity of natives, shipping interests are much crippled.

Although many native villages and thousands of *nipa* huts throughout the country are and will be wiped out, the damage to the country will not be as serious as imagined, as the Filipino house is quickly rebuilt, consisting as it does of *nipa* grass and bamboo. Eternal vigilance is now the order, for, though cowed and harmless, the natives in the cities and country are rebellious at heart, and not a day passes but from one to two hundred are brought into the walled city and examined. Prices of all commodities have taken a tremendous jump, and vegetables, beef, fruit and mutton are as scarce as they are expensive. Grass to feed the horses, which formerly sold for fifty cents a hundred bunches, lasting two horses one day, now sells at two dollars, and is difficult to get at that price. The climate is not disagreeable, except at mid-day, and among the Americans there have been few prostrations from heat.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

The Government's Employés.

ARE THEY PAID TOO MUCH?—SOME FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE are two sides to every question, and the question of government pay has three or four. No one can say with truth that the government pays too little nor that the government pays too much to its employés. Take the case of the President of the United States. Though \$25,000 was considered a sufficient reward for the chief magistrate until the days of Grant, there is no doubt that the American people owe it to the President not alone to provide for his wants while he is in office, but to guarantee him against poverty after he leaves the White House. A former President of the United States in want would be a sorry sight for the world to see. On the other hand, the salaries paid to the members of the President's Cabinet are hardly more than will pay their house-rent in a city where the

cost of living is greater than it is in almost any other city in the United States.

No man of moderate means can afford to maintain both the official and the social dignity of a position in the President's official family. Our diplomats, too, are not provided with the means to enable them to maintain an appearance in agreeable comparison with that of the representatives of other nations; and the President is concerned every four years with the task of finding not so much competent as wealthy men to represent us at the capitals of Europe. Scientists in the government employ are notoriously underpaid. Some very eminent men have been engaged in work for the government, and their salaries have not been greater than those of chiefs of division—men of whom no technical or even business knowledge is required.

But, on the other hand, the commoner occupations in the government service command pay which is out of all proportion to that allowed for similar work in the business world. Stenographers who would receive at the most \$75 a month in business houses, draw \$1,400 from the government; and \$840 is paid to clerks whose sole occupation is the writing of addresses on envelopes—work which would be done in a business office by boys at \$3 to \$5 a week. Clerks engaged in making entries in books, who would not rank higher than second assistant book-keepers in commercial establishments, receive \$1,400 or more a year—greater compensation by 40 or 50 per cent. than they could obtain from other employers. In fact, it may be said, conservatively, that the government pays for its ordinary clerical help at least one-third more than any other employer would pay. At the same time, it receives from its employés only 6½ hours of service each day; and the work done by each in an hour averages far below similar work done by clerks in other places.

Yet the clerks of the departments are so improvident that it is necessary for part of their number to petition Congress for a civil-pension list, to be maintained through assessments on the salaries of those in the service. Undoubtedly under these conditions a reduction in salaries would work a temporary hardship to those who have become accustomed to living up to the limit of too bountiful salaries; and at the same time a horizontal cut would work an injustice to men and women in many of the departments who are now underpaid. A far more sensible arrangement would be a readjustment of salaries and a gradual reduction of those which appear excessive in comparison with the pay given for similar work by other employers.

If the government did not pay more for its work than any other employer the President would not be bothered half to death by the importunities of office-seekers.

Compulsory Vaccination in the South.

In various parts of the South, extending from the southern border of Texas almost to Washington, physicians are unusually busy vaccinating young and old. The prevalence of small-pox



COMPULSORY VACCINATION AT HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA.

has led to this wise precautionary measure. It is said that the seeds of the disease were planted by soldiers returning from the Cuban campaign, but this is hardly credible. Small-pox is very common in Mexico and among the lower classes of our own population, who pay little attention to sanitary requirements, and is thus easily carried across the border. It is fortunate that such a safeguard as vaccination exists, and that the people in this country have come to understand the wisdom of accepting it as such. Our illustration in this issue shows a health officer at work in Henderson, North Carolina, vaccinating an entire family of negroes. The faces are a study.

The effort of the young man who is being vaccinated to maintain an appearance of indifference is bravely made, while the apprehension of the young woman at the left and of the child standing upon the chair, whose turns are next to come, is not well concealed. It is creditable to the colored people that they show less resistance than the whites to the compulsory vaccination laws. The half-breeds in Texas, along the border-line of Mexico, have resorted to violence in some cases to escape the vaccinating officials.



TRENCHES OF THE TWENTIETH KANSAS VOLUNTEERS, BEYOND CALOOCAN, AFTER THE FIGHT OF FEBRUARY 10TH. BAMBOO POLES LAID ON THE TRENCHES. BLANKETS THROWN OVER THE POLES TO PROTECT THE MEN FROM THE SUN.



THE FRONT OF SANTA ANA, WHERE THE FIRST WASHINGTON AND THE FIRST IDAHO INFANTRY CHARGED AND DROVE THE INSURGENTS, FEBRUARY 5TH. THE IDAHO REGIMENT TOOK TWO KRUPP FIELD-GUNS NEAR THE BUILDINGS. ON ONE HILL WERE FORTY-SEVEN DEAD INSURGENTS. THESE BODIES WERE NEAR THE SANTA ANA ROAD, WHERE THE FIGHTING BEGAN, FEBRUARY 4TH, AT NIGHT.



VIEW OF THE RICE-FIELDS AND DYES OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED FEBRUARY 10TH. THE DOME OF THE CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE STANDS TO THE RIGHT OF CALOOCAN. THE FOOT BATTERIES OF THE THIRD UNITED STATES ARTILLERY AND THE FIRST MONTANA INFANTRY CHARGED OVER THIS GROUND. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE CHARACTER OF THE LAND ABOUT MANILA, EXCEPT THAT AT THIS POINT THERE ARE FEWER BAMBOO THICKETS.



DEAD FILIPINOS ON ROAD NEAR FORT SAN ANTONIO, ON EXTREME RIGHT OF AMERICAN LINE. ON FEBRUARY 5TH, DURING THE BATTLE, THE FIRST NORTH DAKOTA MOVED OVER THIS GROUND. IT IS VERY NEAR MANILA BAY.

HOW OUR SOLDIERS FIGHT THE FILIPINOS.

THE DEADLY BATTLE OF CALOOCAN, IN WHICH OUR TROOPS DISPLAYED NOTABLE BRAVERY AND DROVE BACK THE INSURGENTS WITH HEAVY LOSS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 284.]



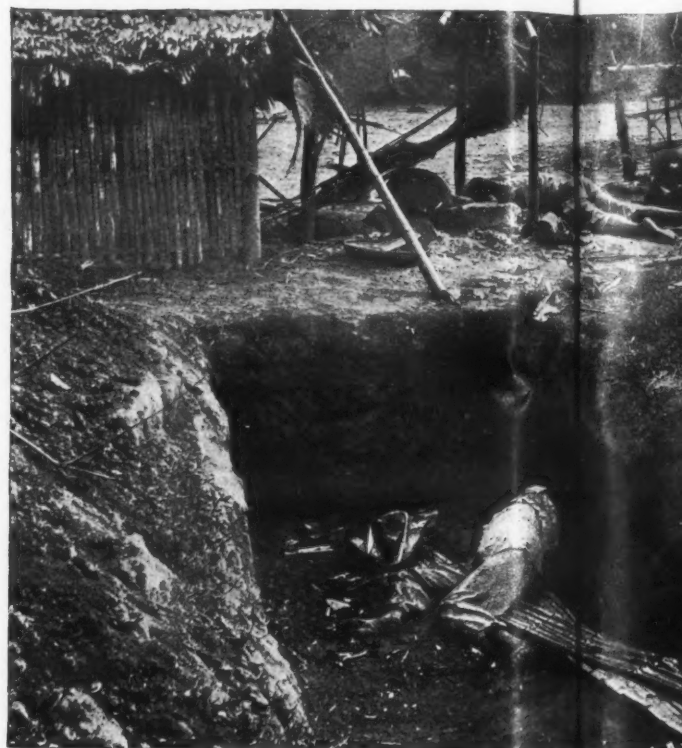
THE AMERICAN FIRING-LINE IN FRONT OF CALOOCAN.



INSURGENT PRISONERS GATHERED AT P



DEAD INSURGENTS PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY WERE FOUND AFTER THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN.



TRENCHES WITH DEAD FILIPINOS CAPTURED BY THE FOURTE



SECOND OREGON VOLUNTEERS WAITING IN A RICE-FIELD TO BE ORDERED INTO ACTION.



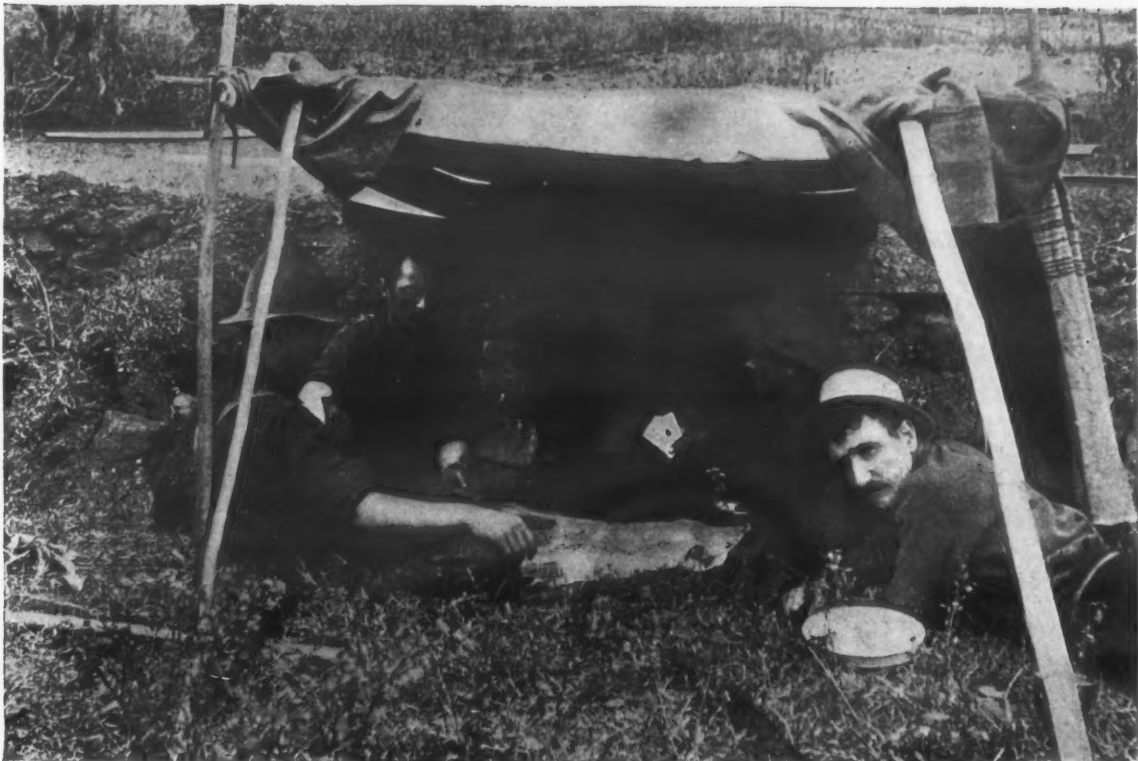
TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS ENCAMPED NEAR THE SAN JUAN BRIDGE, A

THE FIGHTING IN THE P

HOT WORK BY OUR REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS IN AND ABOUT CALOOCAN, WHERE A BANGUINAI



PRISONERS GATHERED AT PASIG.



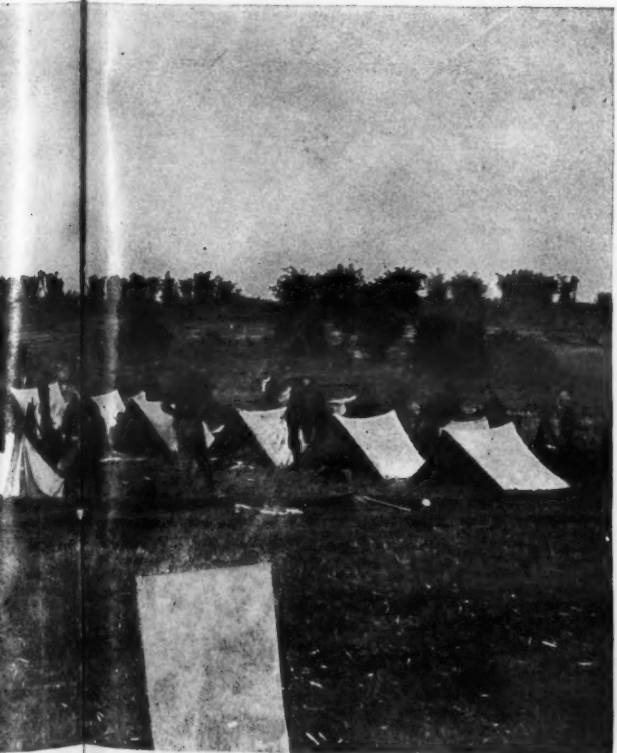
DIVERSION OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES OUTSIDE OF MANILA.



PTURED BY THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY AT CINGALON.



IDAHO VOLUNTEERS ENCAMPED NEAR MALABON, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.



THE SAN JUAN BRIDGE, AWAITING ORDERS FROM THE FRONT.



CALOOCAN, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE DESPERATE BATTLE AT THAT PLACE, PART OF IT IN RUINS.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HERE A BANGUINARY ENGAGEMENT WAS FOUGHT WITH FRIGHTFUL LOSS TO THE FILIPINOS.



RESERVE AMMUNITION-TRAIN AND SUBSISTENCE STORES NEAR MAJOR-GENERAL MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS. THE CARTS WERE DRAWN TO THE FRONT BY CARIBOUS, OR WATER BUFFALOES, AND THE SOLDIERS CARRIED THE BOXES ON THEIR SHOULDERS TO THE TROOPS ENGAGED.



INSURGENT INTRENCHMENTS IN FRONT OF CALOOCAN, AFTER THEY WERE TAKEN BY OUR TROOPS. THE INSURGENTS BURNED THE PLACE WHEN THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL OTIS'S BRIGADE, COMPRISING THE TWENTIETH KANSAS, FOUR COMPANIES OF THE THIRD UNITED STATES ARTILLERY, THE FIRST MONTANA, AND TENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.
DEAD INSURGENTS IN FOREGROUND.

The Bank of Cuba.

THE swiftness of the march of able men to the front in this city is well illustrated in the career of William R. Weeks, the financial and corporation lawyer, whose place of business is in the Bowling Green offices, at 11 Broadway. For many years Mr. Weeks has been known to his brother lawyers as a skillful and learned practitioner. The recent extraordinary activity in financial circles, involving combinations of vast monetary importance, created the demand which has been so well filled by Mr. Weeks in his professional capacity, that the *Banker's Magazine*, a leading journal of banking of America, has published the following sketch of his work in the same issue in which appear short biographies of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury; Edwin S. Schenck, president of the Hamilton National Bank; Isaac N. Seligman and Henry Seligman, of the great banking house of J. & W. Seligman, and Thomas L. Watt, president of the Mount Morris Bank. It says:

The restoration of stable conditions in Cuba and Porto Rico will naturally lead to an early rehabilitation of important business enterprises which have been languishing under the influences of war for a number of years past, and the establishment of many new corporations for exploiting the rich resources of those islands may be looked for in the near future. Much of the natural wealth is as yet undeveloped, but enough is known of the possibilities of the country to warrant the belief that the opportunities for successful business undertakings are most favorable.

With the return of peace those interested in agriculture, mining, manufacturing and commercial pursuits will resume their usual vocations, thus creating a constantly increasing demand for all the materials needed to repair the ravages of war. Political distraction has heretofore hindered the investment of outside capital. Whatever may be the future government decided upon for Cuba, it may be asserted with safety that the days of periodical revolutions there are at an end. Not only will a large inflow of capital result from the exercise of the functions of government by a power having the confidence and support of the people, but every kind of business will feel the impulse of a newer and more strenuous civilization.

It was to be expected that American capitalists would be quick to see the advantage of locating banks in Cuba. Bankers in the United States have been reluctant, as a rule, to extend their operations into foreign countries; but even should the American occupation terminate soon, the relations between the two countries are likely to continue to be very close.

The transfer of the activity of the people from war to more peaceful pursuits will undoubtedly call for largely increased banking facilities, and for such institutions as not only perform ordinary banking functions but which are prepared to meet the special circumstances in which the business interests of the country are now placed.

The Bank of Cuba was organized to meet this demand. It is an institution that will operate on a plan similar to that of the Credit Foncier of Paris, doing a large business in France and Germany, and that of the Mexican Mortgage Bank. There is great need of such an institution in Cuba, and for this reason, though the business is to be conducted on a most conservative plan, it is likely to be very large and remunerative. The Cuban sugar and tobacco planters will need help after the ravages of the war. They will require money and credit to buy oxen and machinery, and furnish supplies necessary during the cultivation of their crops and before they are ready for market. American merchants and manufacturers will want this trade, but they will not be in a position to know whom to credit, and will hesitate to extend such credit. The bank will thus be able to be of service to both the Cuban planters and merchants and the American merchants and manufacturers, acting as Bradstreet's does in this country in making financial reports; it will underwrite credits, and will also issue letters of credit to planters and growers of sugar and tobacco, when properly secured. In this way the bank expects to act as commission merchant for the sale of the crops of the planters to whom it will issue letters of credit and receive commissions for making sales. The next three years will afford unusual opportunity for making money in many lines of industry.

The location of the bank in Havana is in the heart of the city on Central Park, from which the principal streets of the city radiate in every direction.

In founding an American bank in Cuba an essential requisite to success was to secure the co-operation of some one of high financial standing, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the especial requirements of the Cuban people at the present time. This fact was kept in mind by those influential in the organization of the new Bank of Cuba. The Havana representative of the bank is Señor Pablo Desvernine, a very wealthy Cuban landowner. His financial standing is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he was recently named by the Cuban Assembly to represent it as Minister of Finance in General Brooke's Cabinet.

The New York interests of the bank are in the hands of William R. Weeks, well known as a financial and corporation lawyer and organizer of business enterprises on a non-speculative basis. His prominence in these fields of activity, as well as his identification with what promises to become an important banking institution, lend interest to a record of the salient points of his career.

His experience in all kinds of litigation has been extensive, and he has served as counsel in some notable criminal cases. His attention has chiefly been devoted to corporation, real estate, mining and probate law. In these last-named branches he has come to be recognized as a leader of the Bar, and as a high authority. He maintains a fine suite of offices in New York City, and another in Newark, and divides his time, spending the greater portion of every day in New York, where he is well known as a financial lawyer.

Besides his law practice Mr. Weeks has other important business interests. He is manager and executor of many estates, running into the millions of real and personal property. He has organized numerous financial, mining and manufacturing corporations. He was appointed by the late Edwin Lister, president of Lister's Agricultural Chemical Works, of Newark, the sole executor of his will and life trustee of his controlling interest in the company, of which he was recently elected president.

In the Hub of the World.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 20th, 1899.—This queen city of the world is gradually subordinating every other consideration to the coming fair. It is an open secret in almost every European centre that next year's exposition will eclipse anything recorded in history thus far. Undeniable proof of great masses from all parts of the civilized world expecting to visit Paris is accumulating daily, and Great Britain alone expects to furnish millions of visitors.

With a just appreciation of these possibilities, and particularly on behalf of our countrymen who, as a rule, expect the best, the administration of the *Grand Hotel* have decided on making their house the centre for Americans. As a matter of fact, the *Grand Hotel*, at the Place de l'Opéra, is the hub of Paris and of France. The internal arrangements indicate a variety of elegance and refinement only possible in this cradle of art and the Muses. From the moment we enter the grand hall, and across the vast corridors into our romantically arranged rooms, there's a fragrance in the air soothing and enervating, with a degree of contentment which casts a spell of gentle relief over our weary nerves.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in this grand house is, after all, the restaurant. Here we find the cult of *la haute cuisine* brought to highest perfection, and in spite of numerous and very good restaurants extant in Paris, the restaurant at this hotel is the rendezvous for epicures. It is quite the fashion in Paris to take the excellent *déjeuner*, or dinner, in preference to ordering separate dishes, and a host can ask the most fastidious of his friends to eat with him at a moment's notice, conscious that no *plat* will be set before them save such as has received the *cachet* of the culinary authorities—a body of officers much too proud of their art to jeopardize their well-known reputation by the slightest error.

Let us take a peep "behind the scenes" of this temple of gastronomy. Under escort of the great *chef* who made his fame and fortune in the splendid days of the last Empire, we pass through a chain of arched caverns filled with the most perfect culinary devices known to modern science. He has no less than forty-six *sous-chefs* under his command, to say nothing of the lesser rank and file of assistants; and he it is who gives daily and nightly a design to the ever-changing table attractions. He serves in the restaurants alone some five hundred dinners daily, a like proportion of "little suppers," and as he is ever on the alert for something surprising and delightful, he is justly held in high esteem by his patrons. He is particular to a nicety in matters of detail, so much so that if he can't get the exact sort of small white turnip he wants in France he promptly sends to Belgium for it. In his kitchens, or rather, in his laboratories, he works his spells, using gas, coal, and steam as various heat-producers. He is lord of the furnaces, who can grill a spit smelt as deftly as he could roast a whole ox. The tiniest bit of fantastic *pâtisserie*, the smallest scrap of crystallized fruit on each, and all are made at home by specialists. The carefully selected food of the day lies in cool grottoes of ice, and as I move from grill to furnace, from kitchen to kitchen, I recognize a master-mind that has complete control of the rival powers of heat and cold. Here you can be as moderate as a monk, or as luxurious as Lucullus; can feast or fast with equal pleasure at your will, and play the Spartan or the Sybarite as your conscience and your appetite dictate.

Among the *habitués* of the *Grand Hotel* may be found some of the proudest names in the land. Not only magnates of the nobility, but princes and princesses have come here to enjoy comfort and peace. It is a place where the passing visitor from foreign shores is certain to find important "somebodies" and "personages" of distinction in art and letters. It is a centre where the curious in such matters can see modern life at its best, and though etiquette forbids me to mention names, the visitor to the *Grand Hotel* is certain to find himself in distinguished company.

That Americans are particularly favored by the administration of this incomparably beautiful house is evidenced by the fact that the director-general, Mr. Weiss, has sent his son to study medicine in New York. Young Weiss is now practicing in New York hospitals, where, as Weiss *père* expressed it, "he is not only to profit by your practical methods, but is also to adopt some of your social and moral etiquette." A higher compliment, coming as it does from such a high source in enlightened Paris, has never yet been recorded in favor of our social ethics.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Dramatic Notes.

AFTER many weeks spent in the search Mr. Charles Coghlan has completed the company which will be seen in his support when he presents "Citizen Pierre" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, April 10th. The gentlemen of the company include Robert Drouet, Barton Hill, Charles Stanley, Claude Brooke, James W. Bankson, Charles Chappelle, R. C. Chamberlin, Frank Tannehill, Sr., Harry Hanlon, William Morton, James Hurley, Robert Dudley, Thomas Whitting, Eugene Danton, George Kremlieux, John Holland, George de Verneuil, Edward Davis, Thomas Lowell, and Richard Terry, while Rose Eytinge, Margaret Anglin, Adelyn Wesley, Hattie Neville, Gerry Ames, Marian McEnery, Tess Lessing, Irma La Pier, Amelia Neilson, and Margaret Carroll will essay the female rôles. There will also be a quartette of native French singers especially engaged for this production, and a host of male and female auxiliaries.

One of the plays that will forever be a pleasure to hear and to see, so long as Denman Thompson lives, is "The Old Homestead." The revival of this homely, delightful, and purely American performance, at the Academy of Music, New York, with Denman Thompson in his famous rôle of *Joshua Whitcomb*, has made everybody who has seen the play before want to see it again, and they go to laugh and to cry, just as they did on the night when they saw it first. It is not remarkable that clergymen have to a greater extent indorsed "The Old Homestead" than any other American play ever produced. It is the most wholesome diversion of the theatrical season.

One of the remarkable events of the dramatic season in New York is the contemporaneous production at two of the best theatres in the city, by two different companies, of a dramatization, by two different playwrights, of Dumas's "Musketeers." It is even more remarkable that these productions were so different and both were presented so excellently that attendance at one only whet the appetite to see the other, and that when both had been seen it was difficult to determine which pleased the more. There are refinement, force, and coherency in "The Musketeers" as presented by Sothern's company at Wallack's, and there are vitality, strength, and brilliancy in the presentation by O'Neill's company at the Broadway. Both have attracted crowded houses.

Financial—Hints for Investors.

WHEN I wrote my article for the last issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY we had a stagnant stock market, but by the time my letter appeared, in the necessarily slow process of printing an illustrated publication, it was nearly a week after it had been written. Meanwhile the market had again become buoyant in spots and stronger all over, and predictions of a spring boom were general. With sales of stocks aggregating a million and a quarter shares in a single day, one might well believe that a boom was imminent. One thing is certain, if it comes it must take in the new industrials and the long-neglected low-priced common stocks and cheap railroad bonds, because, for the most part, gilt edged railroad stocks and bonds are just about as high as they ought to be. No boom in Wall Street has ever culminated until it had taken in everything on the list, and the present rise bids fair to be no exception to the rule.

"C." Belvidere, New Jersey: I am unable to obtain the information you seek. Will pursue my inquiries further.

"Baltimore": Have made inquiries, but answers are unsatisfac-

tory. Will advise you further if reliable information is obtainable.

"J. B. C." Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: Have nothing to do with the so-called guarantee trust company. Nobody knows anything about it that is in its favor.

"C. B." Akron, Ohio: Union Paper Bag stock, both common and preferred, will probably advance. Buy quickly. I would not sell at the price you name.

"H. W. L." North Attleboro, Massachusetts: I could not recommend a broker who would care to handle such a small amount. It is altogether too little with which to venture in the field of speculation.

"C. A. S." Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont: The Investors Company you mention is organized to catch "suckers." The Connecticut company you refer to is a little club organized to speculate in Wall Street. Would advise you to deal with a regular broker.

"A. W." St. Louis: Your plan is conservative and on a rising market would bring you a profit. But you name stocks that have already had a very substantial rise. I think Union Pacific and Manhattan might be worth your attention.

"C. S. D." New York: The Brunswick Company is a small concern with an unfortunate history. I do not think much of it, but the smallness of the concern makes it easy to manipulate the price. (2) I think very well of M. K. & T. seconds. They should sell higher.

"Mother," Dacora, Iowa: Manhattan Elevated Railroad stock, while not earning its dividends, has a franchise of enormous value. I would not sell at a loss. A combination of the Manhattan with the other street railways of New York would send the former up to 150 or 200 in a jiffy.

"Banker," Boston: The violent fluctuations in Sugar and Tobacco emphasize the warnings I have given regarding the danger of dealing in such stocks on a small margin. The insiders in Sugar alone know what is going to happen to it, and it is, therefore, a dangerous thing for an outsider to meddle with.

"O." Colorado Springs, Colorado: I think the Union Pacific fours are an excellent investment even for hard times. The bonded indebtedness is large, but there is no reason why it cannot be supported. (2) To open an account with a New York broker, you have only to write and enter into business relations with him.

"Investor," Medina, New York: Long ago I advised the purchase of New York Central, on the possibility of a new Vanderbilt deal which would advance it. Some one has been picking it up constantly from me up to the present price. I would not sell at the figure you name.

"A." Hartford, Connecticut, compliments "Jasper" on his "sound, good reading and good advice," and inquires, "How can I make money in Wall Street?" Of course, "A." does not expect me to tell him what to do with his money. He must be his own judge in such matters, and his judgment should be based on observation, if not on the experience of himself or others.

"Capital," Helena, Montana: Try Union Bag, Rubber, or American Tin-plate common. Among the cheaper railroad stocks Wabash preferred, and Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred. Among the cheap dividend payers St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred. For a cheap speculative bond try the Wabash debentures around thirty-five. I would not buy Tennessee Coal and Iron at the price you name.

"W. C. S." Mansville, New York, says "Jasper" has been a great help to him financially, as he has followed my predictions from the time that I advised the purchase of Brooklyn Rapid Transit at thirty-six, which at this writing sells at 123. He asks regarding the future of Wabash preferred. No, I do not anticipate that it will be a dividend-payer very soon, but its value in case it paid a dividend, would obviously depend upon the amount of the dividend paid. If the market holds its strength and earnings are maintained, Wabash preferred ought to sell considerably higher.

JASPER.

Insurance—A Played-out Plan.

INSURANCE COMMISSIONER CUTTING, of Massachusetts, believes that the law in that State which permits the formation of assessment companies should be repealed, as the system has had a fair trial and has proved to be impracticable unless properly backed up. Many of the assessment policies are now being changed into what are called "stipulated policies," but the principle is very nearly the same; and the assessment associations which pretend that these new policies are much better than the old ones are simply continuing the old plan of business, perhaps on slightly changed lines. The man who wants life insurance upon which he can rely will avoid anything in the shape of an assessment concern, and will take his insurance in an old-line company with an adequate surplus or reserve and a guarantee of security behind every policy it issues. In such a company his premium rate will be fixed and certain, and instead of having this rate increased, he is likely to have it diminished by the declaration of dividends from the surplus earnings.

"Inquirer," New York: Ask any agent for a definition of the term. (2) Yes, the last ex-president of the company.

"W. A. B." Hamilton, Ontario: Address the Hon. Louis F. Payn, superintendent of insurance, Albany, New York, for the information you seek.

"M. R." Erie, Pennsylvania: The State Mutual Life, of Worcester, Massachusetts, is a small, conservative company. It has no such amount of business as either the New York Life, the Mutual, or the Equitable of New York.

"S. N." Newport, Rhode Island: The decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals in the case against the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in New York, was in favor of the association, the court deciding that it had no jurisdiction and therefore could not interfere.

"R. P." Hanover, New Hampshire: The Springfield Mutual Life Association has accepted a proposition of reinsurance in the Fidelity Mutual Life Association, of Philadelphia. I would drop my membership and take a policy in an old-line company, one of the strongest and best that I could find.

"Henry," Madison, Wisconsin: The Connecticut Life Company, of Waterbury, Connecticut, another one of the assessment associations, has closed its doors, pending the application of the attorney general for a receiver. The insurance commissioner of the State makes serious charges against the concern.

"H. C. A." Buffalo, New York: I would not advise you to take out a policy in the National Life of Hartford. It is an assessment association, and a committee of its dissatisfied policy-holders recently sought advice from the insurance commissioner of Connecticut in reference to resisting the demands of the company.

"W." Buckner, Pennsylvania: The Northwestern Life Assurance Company, of Chicago, has been consolidated with the Iowa Life Insurance Company, but they continue as separate institutions, although under one management. The Northwestern Life, of Chicago, is an assessment association. The other associations you mention do no business in this State and their annual reports are not available.

"W." Greenport, New York: I would, by all means, prefer the Bankers' Life of New York to the Royal Arcanum. As long as the Bankers' Life is in the hands of conservative managers, it will succeed. It is one of the best of the assessment associations. My preference, however, would be for an old-line company, where you are in no danger of having your premiums increased as you grow older.

The Herald.

"Dr. Dys' Toilet Sachets."

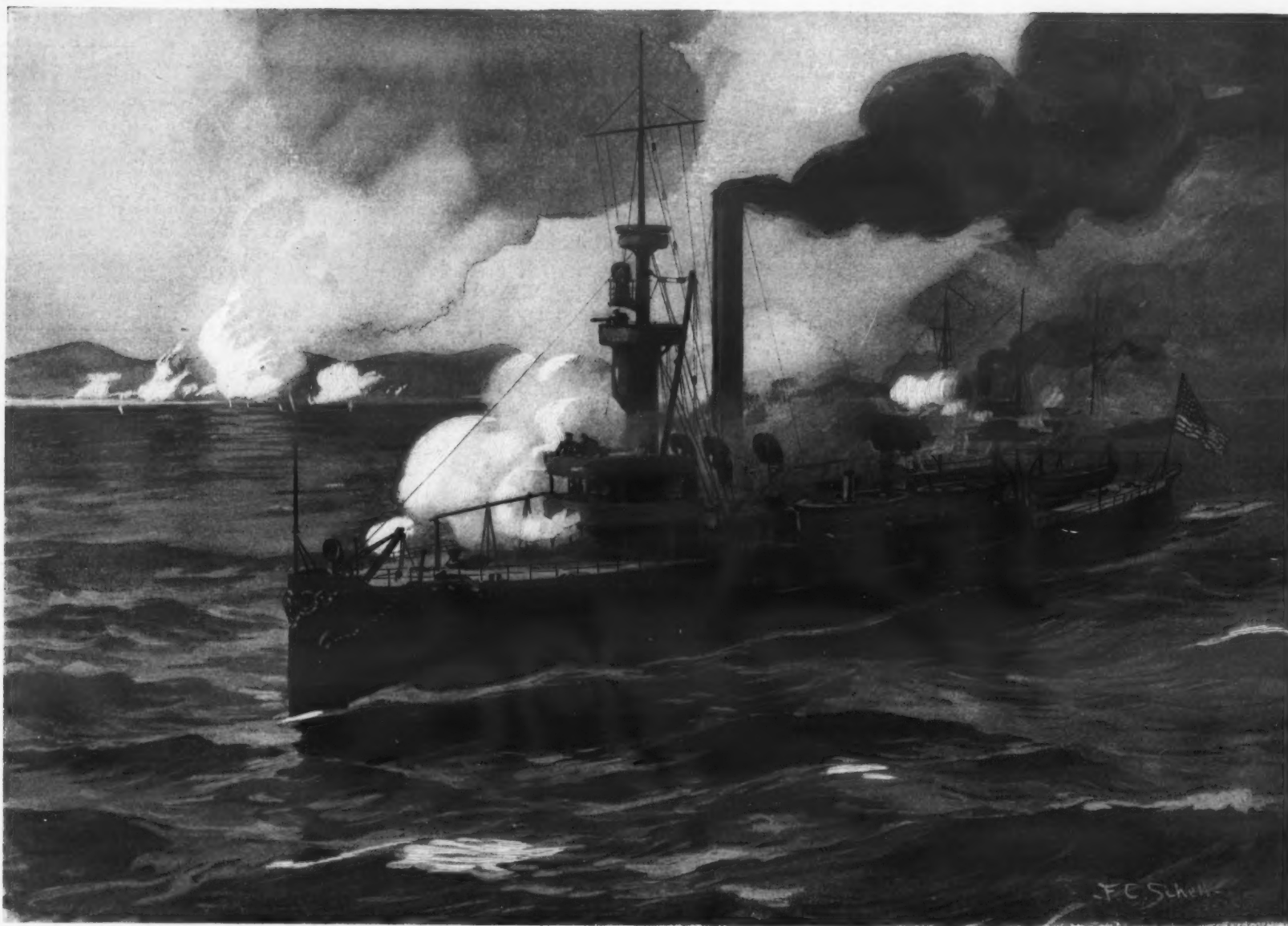
EVERY lady who has had the advantage of using for her toilet Dr. Dys' aesthetic products will learn with pleasure that V. Darsy, their sole preparer in Paris, has just opened a branch house in New York.

Dr. Dys' Toilet Sachets spread in toilet waters a balmy and vegetable milk which each day freshens and revives the complexion. Within a few days Dr. Dys' Bandlets make the frame of the eye which is beginning to wrinkle look as young as at twenty.

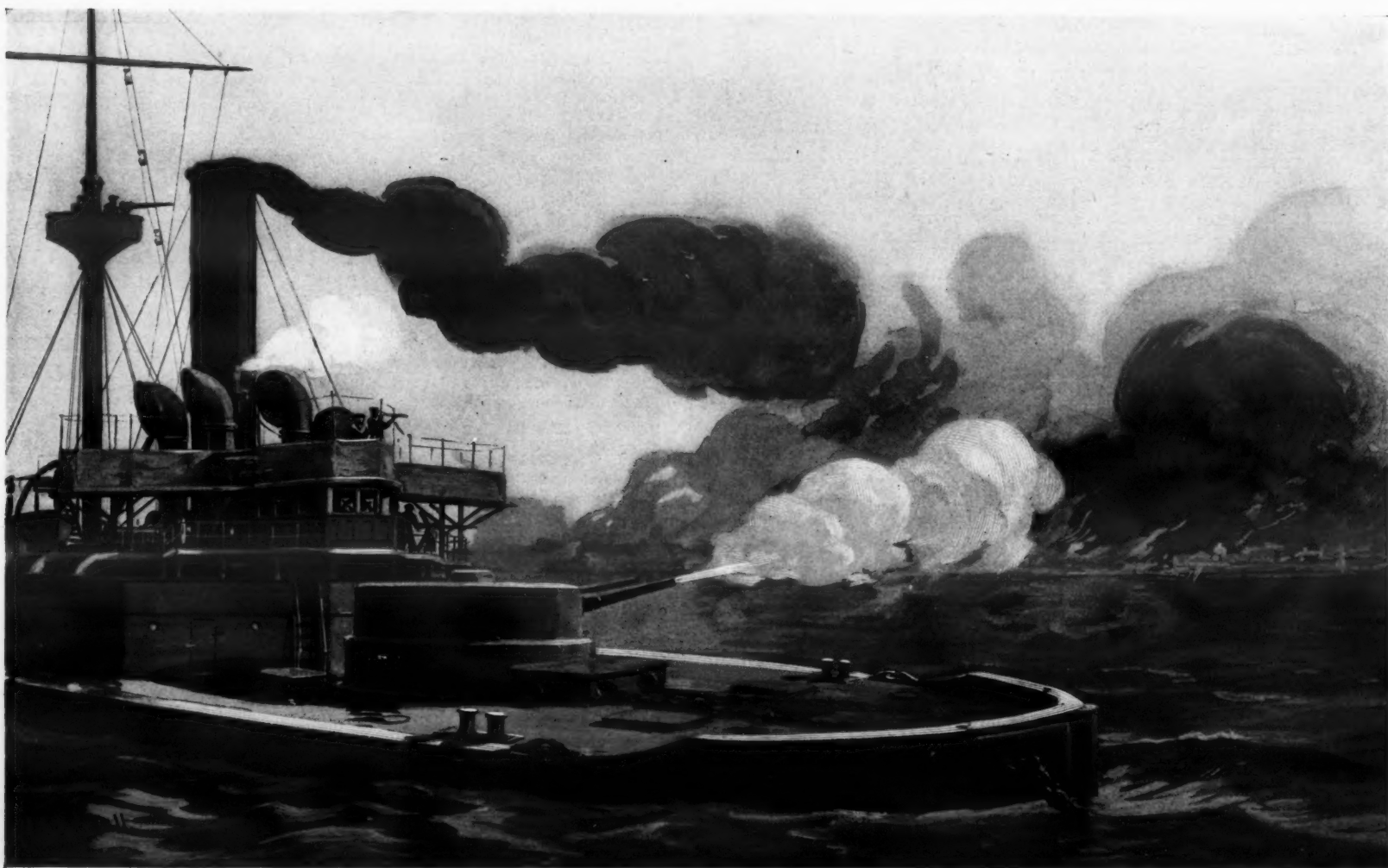
Every week the New York house shall receive a fresh supply of goods, which shall continue to be prepared in Paris, 54, Faubourg St. Honoré. It will be sufficient to ask for the catalogue from V. Darsy, 129 East Twenty-sixth Street, to receive it free of charge.

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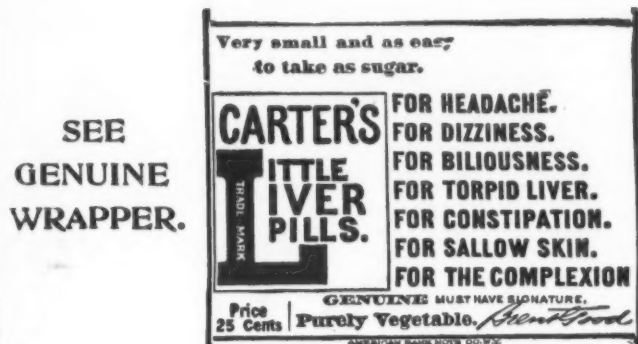
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THE PERSONAL BAGGAGE LAW.

By J. A. HECKMAN, SECRETARY MERCHANTS' AND MANUFACTURERS' BOARD OF TRADE.

SINCE the passage of the Dingley tariff law of June 24th, 1897, the clause relating to the personal effects of passengers from foreign countries arriving in the United States has not ceased to attract the attention of the free-trade press.

The first act relating to this subject was embodied in the law of March 2d, 1799, wherein it was provided that the "wearing apparel and other personal baggage, and the tools and implements of a mechanical trade only, of persons who arrive in the United States shall be free and exempted from duty."

In the tariff act of April 27th, 1816, it was declared that the following articles could be imported into the United States free of duties, i. e.: "Wearing apparel and other personal effects, baggage in actual use, and the implements and tools of trade," and was the same in act of September 11th, 1841. In the act of March 3d, 1883, this language was retained, but in the act of October 1st, 1890, a change was introduced and the free-list section was made to read as follows: "Wearing apparel and other personal effects (not merchandise) * * * * but this exemption shall not be held to include articles not actually in use and necessary and appropriate for the use of such persons for the purposes of their journey and present comfort and convenience." In the act of August 28th, 1894, the same language was used, with the following addition: "or which are intended for any other persons or for sale."

In the act of June 24th, 1897, known as the Dingley law, the general language was the same, with the proviso, that no more than \$100 worth of wearing-apparel and personal effects should thus be admitted free of duty, and it is this proviso that has aroused the ire of the free-trade press and its supporters.

There is no restriction as to the amount a person may bring in his baggage. There is no limit to the quantity or value, but the regular duty must be collected on any sum in excess of \$100.

This very brief review of the legislation on this subject will disclose the fact that a constant effort has been made to in some way restrict the value of the free goods that might be brought in the baggage of passengers, for the reason that all of the tariff laws referred to fixed high rates of duty on similar goods when regularly imported. During the discussion of the Dingley tariff bill, when it became apparent that the duty was to be increased upon nearly all of the articles which are used by the makers of wearing-apparel, notably woollens, gloves, underwear, millinery, laces, feathers, and the numberless things which are the raw material of these manufactures, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade was organized, with the object to secure such legislation as would prevent the unlimited importation of goods in the baggage of passengers from abroad. The rates of duty existing under previous tariff laws had increased the cost of production here in the various classes of goods referred to, which were manufactured from imported materials, and the direct effect of this was to place a bounty upon the purchase of the articles abroad. Under the baggage law, as it had existed from the very beginning of tariff legislation, there was practically no limit to the quantity or value which could be brought in free of duty. In the act of 1816 the words "actual use" were first used, and these words were continued in the act of 1841; and it was under this law that the Astor suit was brought. The government had collected \$1,880 duty from Mr. Astor on personal effects. Mr. Astor brought suit to recover the amount, and was successful, the courts ruling that any article which had been bought for personal use and placed among the other personal effects of the arriving passenger must be considered as being in actual use. This decision acted, therefore, as a complete protection to any one desiring to bring in wearing-apparel to any amount, providing he or she was willing to declare the goods had been in use—a technical definition which opened the door to an almost unlimited flood of goods of every description under the head of personal effects.

When the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade was organized the existing abuses of the law had attracted the attention of not only those manufacturers who, from business reasons, were seriously affected, but of the whole country. The passenger traffic had grown enormously, and the number arriving annually had reached a total of about 100,000. Careful estimates of the average amount brought by each passenger had been made by expert observers, merchants of New York engaged in large retail businesses, and their conclusions, based upon their knowledge of the values and kinds of goods usually brought by passengers, fixed the average at about \$300 per head. A simple calculation will show the enormous volume of goods that were annually being imported duty free to compete with the same classes of goods made in America by protected labor and from heavily-taxed raw material. When this fact was presented to the committee of the Senate having in charge the Dingley bill in that branch of Congress, it was received with considerable doubt. The conclusions were criticised, and the claims made by the representatives of the board of trade treated with indulgent incredulity, until, at the request of the member of the board then in Washington, the Secretary of the Treasury detailed a special officer to investigate the subject. The investigation was made very carefully, and the officer stated that he visited the transatlantic liners, *Columbia*, *Paris*, *Teutonic*, *Campania*, and *St. Paul*, which arrived at New York on various dates between the 4th and the 11th of June, 1897. He made a personal canvass of the passengers, and found that twenty-five people whom he questioned had bought, while abroad, clothing, etc., to the value of \$24,490. The value of the goods thus brought in as personal effects was given by the travelers in sums ranging from \$40 up to \$3,500, four tourists aggregating \$10,500. The total amount reported to the officer showed the average for each passenger to be \$489.80. This sum, continued the officer, will be greatly increased during the months of August, September, and October, when American tourists are returning in large numbers from abroad. He also made a series of inquiries among experienced officers of the customs service, and, as a result, stated that \$400 worth of personal effects for each cabin passenger was a reasonable average of the amount of goods brought in free of duty. Including all the ports of the coast, the number of cabin passengers annually arriving in this

country may safely be put at 100,000, and the value of the additions to their personal effects while abroad is therefore placed at \$40,000,000, on which not a cent of duty is collected.

This startling exhibit was at once a surprise and a most convincing argument. The opposition to the passage of the \$100-limit section of the bill was silenced, and when the bill finally passed, the fight for fair play had been won, and the indiscriminate and wholesale importation of goods free of duty because they were in passengers' trunks was in a fair way to be stopped. But it soon became apparent that the making of a law does not always insure its proper and faithful execution. For years there had existed at the port of New York a coterie of baggage inspectors and examiners that had come to be known as the "baggage ring." This clique, by a system of their own, and quite independent of Treasury regulations, had been able to collect from passengers considerable sums in the way of tips for favors, etc., such as passing baggage without proper examination, or for undervaluing such dutiable goods as had been declared, and in a variety of ways defeating the existing laws.

The inspectors and examiners, represented by the element referred to, set to work to discredit the law and to make its execution obnoxious and profitless. As soon as this fact became apparent, the board of trade, mindful of its promise to see that the law was enforced, and knowing from the constant reports which reached it that it was being evaded, decided to send a committee of its members to the docks upon the arrival of steamships, to observe the manner in which the inspectors did their work. Upon application to the Secretary of the Treasury this committee received, through the surveyor of the port, letters of admission to the piers where the work of examining baggage was in progress. President C. C. Shyne, in his letter of instructions, to this committee, said: "The committee have no right to interfere with the officials or passengers, but are instructed to report any dereliction upon the part of the officials to the officer in charge," etc. These instructions were indorsed by the surveyor of the port. The committee began its work in May, 1898, terminated it and made its report on July 13th following, and said, in part:

"The committee * * * has felt from the beginning of its work that its sole object was to discover the weaknesses and faults of the present system of baggage inspection with a view to such reforms as are practicable," etc. * * *

The committee soon noticed an improvement in the work and said "baggage is more carefully examined * * * while there is no additional delay, and persons whose declarations are truthful have no difficulty in securing quick service," etc., etc. Much of the criticism leveled at the law has been due to the allegation that clothing and other effects are scattered rudely over the docks. This is wholly untrue, but it is the case that adequate facilities for the proper examination of baggage do not exist, and the committee recognized this, and

"It recommended that a system similar to the one in operation in Liverpool be inaugurated, and that a room be set aside upon the steamship's docks where trunks can be examined without danger of injury to their contents."

After the work of the committee was discontinued and they were withdrawn from the docks, the system apparently fell into its former state of lethargy, for complaints began to reach the board that the law was a failure.

In order to test the accuracy of these charges the amount of duty collected during the period covered by the visits of the committee, and for the corresponding period after their recall, were collated with the following result. It is proper to state in this connection that the purpose of those who had advocated the law was not so much to secure money returns as it was to secure a protection to which they were justly entitled, and to prevent the free importation of vast quantities of goods; and although the collections during the first year of the existence of the law reached the considerable figure of nearly \$300,000, as against \$90,000 for the year before, the collection of this revenue was a matter of minor importance, in view of the greater good to be accomplished in the checking of this flood of illegal imports.

From this statement it will be seen that the complaints of the board as to the imperfect execution of the law were well founded, and the real cause of its partial failure began to appear. The Treasury Department officials at Washington had given the subject the most careful attention, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Howell, had shown from the first moment when the law was enacted a steady purpose to have its enforcement complete and fair. Every regulation which had been issued, every instruction given, had this purpose in view; yet, in spite of this, the law was being evaded and constant attempts made to create antagonism towards it. In the face of the facts reported in the statement there was but one conclusion, namely, that the dock officials were negligent and were not doing their duty. It was known that fraud existed, but it was apparently quite out of the question to definitely locate it, and it was to this inability that was due the revival of an old regulation which requires passengers to make a written declaration of the articles purchased abroad, and then to verify this declaration by an examination of their baggage. This regulation appears to have excited the free-trade papers of New York City to frenzy, and the intemperate language in which they have indulged has drawn the attention of the public anew to the matter.

One of the worst abuses in connection with the customs service at this port has been the practice of extending to certain favored persons what is known as the courtesies of the port. The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade made a vigorous protest against the continuance of this abuse, and, to the lasting credit of the Secretary of the Treasury, it has been abolished.

The men who were instrumental in securing the law have come in for a good deal of abuse from the partisans of free trade, and their motives have been misunderstood or misconstrued. With a duty of sixty per cent. on laces or silk, forty per cent. on cotton clothing, fifty per cent. on woollen clothing, and about ninety per cent. on woollen cloths, it is difficult to see why the persons who regularly import these goods for sale or for manufacture should be exposed to their free importation in passengers' baggage, and this is exactly what happens when the trunks of passengers are passed without examination.

There is another phase of the subject which should not be overlooked. The Hon. John G. Carlisle, when Secretary of the Treasury, in his last annual report stated that the department estimated that American tourists expended \$100,000,000 annually in Europe.

And, in the light of the facts obtained from other sources of information, this does not appear to be an extravagant estimate. Taking the report of the special agent of the Treasury, before referred to, it would seem that about one-half this sum was expended in the purchase of European made goods, and this is a reasonable assumption. If, therefore, we take the amount of duty collected the first year of the existence of the law, say \$300,000, and estimating the average percentage to be fifty per cent., we find that the total duty-paying imports amount to, say \$600,000. Ninety thousand passengers arrived in that year, each one of whom was entitled to \$100 worth of goods free of duty. Assuming that not more than one-half brought this amount, we find that there came in free of duty \$4,500,000 worth, added to the \$600,000. This makes the total of imports in passengers' baggage \$5,100,000, as against the \$45,000,000 for the previous year, representing a net gain to the country at large of \$40,000,000. These figures are worthy the careful study of every American interested in the welfare of his country, and if the baggage law has been responsible for any considerable portion of this saving in wealth it should be blessed instead of being abused.

A Chinese Missionary's Awful Death.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, January 23d, 1899.—The accompanying photograph was taken at Ichang, a treaty-port about 900 miles up the Yang-tse River, and shows the remains of Father Victorin Dellbrouel, a Roman Catholic missionary, who was murdered



REMAINS OF THE MURDERED MISSIONARY.

by Chinese at a place three days' journey west of Ichang. After killing their victim these fiends cut out and ate the heart and liver, and also cut off the head and extracted the brains. As soon as the body was recovered it was taken to Ichang and placed in a native building, the fathers at the Catholic mission very wisely refusing to let it enter their premises, as the Chinese officials would have said the mutilation had been done at the mission.

The body was placed in a public position, that everybody might see what a terrible crime had been committed, and was watched by Chinese officials and the fathers together, so that it was impossible for the body to be tampered with. The photograph shows the *Taotui* (chief magistrate) of Ichang and the fathers, surrounding the remains. The head was quite separate from the body, but was placed in the coffin to be photographed. The body was also otherwise mutilated. A correspondent, writing from Ichang, February 7th, 1899, says that the commander of the British gun-boat *Esk*, which is stationed at that city, informed him that two Chinese had already been executed for the murder, but that it is doubtful if they were the actual murderers. Six more Chinese have been arrested in connection with the affair. Chinese officials generally connive with the perpetrators of crimes against foreigners. I. T.

Premonitions.

THE CASE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN RECALLS ANOTHER EQUALLY STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS.

EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—In the February number of your LESLIE'S WEEKLY I was much interested in an article on the early life of Abraham Lincoln, by Thomas Lewis, of Kansas City, Missouri. He narrates some remarkable premonitions of the approaching death of friends. Among others he says, "I heard a soft voice saying, 'If you want to see Abraham Lincoln alive you must go to Washington.'" This called to my memory a premonition I had of the approaching death of a friend in 1848. I was then engaged in manufacturing furniture in Wilmington, Essex County, New York. I had a friend by the name of Partridge, who was sick with consumption. It was then the custom in rural districts for neighboring friends to watch with and nurse the sick. On Friday night I watched with Mr. Partridge, and spent the long night conversing with and caring for him. He talked freely about his death. It was in the spring-time, and he expressed the opinion that he would live until fall. On the next Monday morning I went to my manufactory and started the wheel and commenced turning at a lathe. All at once an impression came to me that if I wished to see Partridge alive I must go to his home. I continued my work, but the impression became so strong that I went to his house. The front door to the hall was ajar, and being well acquainted with the family I did not rap, but went into the hall unannounced. Seeing the door of the sick-room partly open I walked in. Partridge lay on his side anxiously looking toward the door. He reached out his hand, which I took in mine; he gasped twice, and died without uttering a word.

Mr. Lewis expresses a wish for an explanation of the premonitions which he had. I would desire the same. I do not know how Partridge's desire was communicated to me. As far as any known scientific means on which such phenomena are produced, it is a profound mystery. How was it possible that the wish he had to see me before death should be conveyed through space with such earnestness and certainty?

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Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, February 20th, 1899.

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That from the painted glass looks down;

The softened light that glimmers faint

Makes of her golden hair a crown.

The violets I sent her lie

Above her pure and gentle heart;

And yet I dare not believe that I

Have in her prayers the smallest part.

But on this Resurrection day,

When the earth breathes of love and spring,

I cast my doubts and fears away;

My heart it hopeth—everything.

—Judge.

HER COMPARISON.

MARGIE'S foot had fallen asleep.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed; "it feels just like a pincushion that's alive."—Judge.

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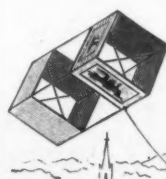
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